

# The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

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## SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE.

### Some Pointed Comments by a Great Daily.

#### OPPOSED TO CIVIL UNIONS.

#### The Mayors of New York City Object to Become Officiating Ministers.

Mr. Ely Smith Jr., in speaking of the many civil marriages performed by him while he was Mayor, referred to the indisposition of Mayor Grant and Mayor Gilroy to officiate at such ceremonies, and explained it by saying that as Roman Catholics "they take a higher view of the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage than Protestants do." Mayor Ely himself is a Presbyterian of the old school.

This is a consideration which ought, perhaps, to receive some attention in the discussion which is now proceeding as to the marriage of Catholic girls. Marriage by the law and faith of the Roman Catholic Church is a sacrament, indissoluble except by death. Rome allows no divorce and it recognizes none, whatever may be the law of the State. Marriage, accordingly, is a more serious matter with a Catholic than with a Protestant. For the other it is a contract from which there is no escape under the laws of the State governing it.

Undoubtedly some of the Protestant churches refuse to recognize in their own law any other cause for divorce save adultery, but practically all of them tolerate divorce for any cause and all causes allowed in any State. A Divorce Reform League, made up of Protestants, has been in existence in this country for many years, for the purpose of inducing the States generally to make adultery the sole cause of divorce, but meanwhile the members of the churches represented in that association are obtaining divorces for other and many different causes, and are marrying again without suffering ecclesiastical punishment or the social disapproval of their fellow-members. So far from creating a sentiment against freer divorce, such divorce has become more frequent and less reprobated than before the organization of this reform movement.

The circle of society in New York which is made up of people of fashion more peculiarly consists in chief part of members of the Episcopal Church, the Protestant Church which is most exacting in its canonical requirement that no divorce shall be treated as ecclesiastically valid which is obtained for any other cause than conjugal infidelity. Under that law persons who marry again after having been divorced for any cause are adulterers; their union is sinful; they live in concubinage, but not in holy matrimony. Such marriages of divorced people not only occur, however, but are frequent in that society. Moreover, they are sanctioned and solemnized by Protestant ministers of other churches than the Episcopal. The society of which we have spoken does not debar those who enter into them, but grants its continued favor to people whom its church denounces by its law as living in adultery. Neither have we heard of any instance where the church itself has visited upon them any penalties. Practically, it recognizes as sufficient any marriage which will stand the test of the civil law. The society does not assume to interfere with its members in their divorces and marriages so long as they keep within the legal bounds. If a mated pair find that their temperaments are incompatible, and that they can not live

together without unhappiness and bickering, they are not reprobated because they go East or go West to get a divorce, and, having obtained it, proceed to wed other mates with whom they think they will be more congenial. They cast off old wives and husbands, and are welcomed back to society with new wives and husbands.

Of course, when people make up their minds to be married they are not to be influenced by the possibility of their getting divorced, but when they see such toleration of divorce all around them, among those whose opinion is of the most consequence to them socially, they are not likely to be impressed by the feeling that marriage has any other sanctity than the love of the pair imparts to it. Their sentiment regarding it is romantic rather than religious. They get the sanction of the Church for it as a conventional matter, not as an essential requisite, and hence if the marriage prove a disappointment to them, they pay heed to their inclinations rather than render obedience to the Church in deciding the question of a divorce.

With a Roman Catholic the ceremony is not a merely perfunctory concession to a custom of society, but an obligatory religious sacrament. The sentimentalists might not admit that this is "a higher view of the sanctity of marriage," as Mayor Ely says, for they might reply that love alone gives marriage its highest sanctity, but that undoubtedly is not the religious view, though it seems to prevail among people of religious association.—New York Sun.

#### THE COLORED HARVEST.

#### The Work of Conversion Among the Negroes.

The Colored Harvest, which has just been issued for 1894, is a beautifully illustrated sixteen page paper, filled with interesting matter, and is published for the benefit of St. Joseph's Seminary for the Negro Missions, and its feeder, the Epiphany Apostolic College.

The paper gives us a clear idea of what the Catholic church is doing and what it hopes to do for the Negro race, and when we remember how great a charity it is to help on such an apostolic work as the evangelization of our colored brethren and the number of spiritual benefits shared in by all subscribers, the twenty-five cents a year asked for it will seem trifling indeed.

All are requested to send for a sample copy of the Colored Harvest. Every subscriber is entitled to a blessed medal of St. Joseph and the Sacred Heart. Zelators are those who obtain twenty subscribers. A special Mass is offered up for their intention on the first Friday of every month, and a very large picture of the Sacred Heart is given them. One hundred Masses will be said for them at Paray-de-Monial, France. For a sample copy address Rev. J. R. Slattery, St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

A number of influential Scottish Catholics have, says the Roman correspondent of the Daily Chronicle, petitioned the Pope to nominate a Cardinal amongst the prelates of the Hierarchy of Scotland. Dr. Angus Macdonald, the Catholic Archbishop of Edinburgh, has declined to allow his name to be put forward, on the ground that precedence of seniority and dignity should be given to Archbishop Eyre of Glasgow.

Three Catholic Patriarchs of the Eastern rite will go to Rome to lay before the Holy See the views of the dissident churches of the East concerning their contemplated reunion with the Church of Rome.

## SAINT ANTHONY'S BREAD.

### History of a Notable French Society.

#### GIVES FOOD TO THE POOR.

#### It is Proposed to Introduce a Branch into the United States.

One morning in November, in the year 1892, Mlle. Bouffier, a storekeeper of Toulon, found it impossible to open her shop door. The safety lock seemed broken, and she called in a locksmith. After trying all the keys on his ring, he gave up in despair, saying there was no resource but to break open the door. While the locksmith went in search of other tools, the shop-keeper prayed fervently to St. Anthony, that the door might be opened without violence; promising, if her request should be granted, to distribute a certain number of loaves to the poor in his honor. She then begged the locksmith to make another effort with his keys; and taking one at random, the door flew open without the slightest difficulty.

After this simple evidence of St. Anthony's power, his clients increased so rapidly in Toulon that Mlle. Bouffier, with the assistance of her friends, founded a work of charity called the "Bread of St. Anthony." In a narrow room behind the shop they placed a statue of the saint with a lamp burning before it, and under the lamp two boxes—one to receive the written requests and promises made to St. Anthony, and the other to receive money to buy bread for the poor.

From the beginning large crowds flocked to this humble oratory. Soldiers and officers knelt to pray; and naval captains, before setting out for a long cruise came to recommend themselves and their ships. Mothers came to beg health for their children or other favors for grown sons and daughters. Many came to implore the conversion of a soul dear to them, while servants and workwomen without employment came to beg the saint's protection.

One of the latest pilgrims to St. Anthony's oratory relates that she witnessed the gratitude of a poor woman, who had promised a liberal gift of bread if her little son, who was a cripple, was cured within a week. The very next day the child recovered the use of his limbs.

As soon as the efficacy of appeals to St. Anthony, under the condition of alms to be turned into bread for the poor, became generally known, Mlle. Bouffier made out a list of charitable institutions, including, of course, the establishments of the Little Sisters of the Poor. When the offerings were sufficient to enable her to do so, she wrote to each community to name a day when it would be glad to receive an ovenful of white bread for its orphans or poor pensioners. At the appointed time the baker now carries a hundred pounds of the best wheat bread to these poor persons. When the children perceive the tables covered with white bread, they clap their hands and hurrah for St. Anthony, their benefactor. Rumors of the wonders wrought by St. Anthony at Toulon reached Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles and other large towns, and many chapels in these cities very soon contained the two boxes for the offerings.

The simple and unpretending foundress of "St. Anthony's Bread" at Toulon has now a wide correspondence to answer; for the fame of the charity has spread throughout all the land. Last August she received a very singular appeal from the well-known Capuchin,

Father Marie Antoine, who asked her to send a thousand francs without delay to the Patriarch of the Armenian Catholics of Constantinople, that city having been recently destroyed and the people rendered homeless by a fearful earthquake. Poor Mlle. Bouffier felt that this request was rather unreasonable. The misery caused by the earthquake demanded every possible sacrifice, no doubt; but where was the required sum to be found? Money never remains long in the alms box at Toulon; and although thirty-two thousand three hundred and fifty-four francs have passed through her hands since the beginning of the year until the 31st of July, she was very much puzzled to know where she should obtain the desired sum. But at two o'clock of the afternoon of the same day Mlle. Bouffier received a registered letter from Paris; it was anonymous, and contained a note for one thousand francs. It appeared like an intervention of Providence in favor of Mgr. Azarian's distressed flock; so Mlle. Bouffier sent the money to the Armenian patriarch by the night's mail.

Quite recently seventeen thousand francs were stolen from the cashier in a great French mercantile house. The poor man was almost in despair. He knew that he would be accused of appropriating the money, and that he would lose at once his reputation and his position. On describing this sad misfortune to his wife, they both promised a generous sum to St. Anthony to buy bread for his poor. The clerk's astonishment and delight may be imagined when he arrived at his office the next morning and found the exact sum lying on his desk.

Unfortunately, some of the promises made to St. Anthony have not been kept, although the grace petitioned for was granted. A person well-known to the writer promised two hundred pounds of bread for the poor if the life of a dear friend was spared. The boon of health was immediately granted, but the promise was not kept. One month later the subject of the prayer died suddenly and unexpectedly.

In view of these evidences of St. Anthony's solicitude for the ordinary wants of his clients—evidences which every Catholic can easily multiply from his own experience—one is prompted to repeat with renewed fervor that beautiful hymn of St. Bonaventure in which he condenses all the miracles to be obtained through the intercession of the great Saint of Padua. We have already suggested that the introduction of St. Anthony's Bread into the United States would be an appropriate method of celebrating the seventh centenary of the saint. Christian charities such as this will do much to lessen the social disorders which only the practice of Christian virtue can ultimately suppress.—Ave Maria.

#### Invited to the Catholic University.

Prof. William C. Robinson, of the Yale law school, has been asked by the faculty of the Catholic University of Washington, to assume charge of the law department which is to be established there. Prof. Robinson is at Laconia, N. H., and his decision in the matter will not be known for several days.

An appeal for aid has been received from Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Mission, in charge of the Indian Industrial school at Morris, Minn. The Mother Superior says that the sisters sustained great loss by a hail storm, July 30, and that unless help comes from the outside it must be a hard winter for the orphans dependent upon them.

Contributions will be received at this office.

## WOMAN'S GOOD INFLUENCE.

### Should Only be Exerted Indirectly in Politics.

#### CARDINAL GIBBONS' SERMON.

#### His Eminence Hopes the Day of Female Suffrage will never come. Her True Mission.

Cardinal Gibbons in his sermon at the Baltimore cathedral on the feast of the Holy Rosary, took strong ground against woman suffrage as having a tendency to lessen woman's influence for good in the home circle, which he regarded as her proper sphere.

The subject of his sermon was the glory of womanhood and the duties of Christian Women. He took as his text the blessing pronounced by the angel upon the Virgin Mary. He said:

"To-day we honor the Queen of Saints, our Blessed Lady. She is the great model for all women to follow, whether as maiden, wife or mother. I think every unprejudiced historian will admit that woman is indebted to Mary for the high position, both in social and domestic life, which is here to-day.

"If to-day woman is esteemed as the peer of her husband, and not as the slaves of his passions, as is the case in foreign countries, it is due to the Church. If she is queen in her domestic life, without being confronted with usurping women, as is the case in Mohammedan and Mormon households, she is indebted for this deliverance to the preachings of the Catholic Church and the Popes. The Church follows the preaching of St. Paul, that woman is equal to man, when he declares that God makes no distinction as to nationality, race or sex.

"It seems to me fearful to contemplate what would have been the condition of society to-day if it had not been for the restraining, sanctifying and purifying influence of women.

"I do not speak of those consecrated women, whose lives are given to the cause of Christ and His Church and religion, chastity and charity. I speak of those women who made no vow except the baptismal one; of those who wear no habit except the white robe of innocence, and not of those who wear the royal robe of charity and benevolence.

"I speak not of the religious community of women, so-called, but of those who live in family relation which God himself has founded. I speak of the Mother Superior of the household.

"Every one of you has a lesson to perfect in your day and generation. You can be verily apostles, preaching in your respective households. It is true you cannot celebrate Mass, and yet you can be priests in another and broader sense. You are a holy, national and royal priesthood, because consecrated to God in your baptism.

"It is true women doesn't to-day exercise the right of suffrage. She should never vote and I am heartily glad of it.

"I hope the day will never come when she can vote, and if the right of suffrage is granted to her I hope she will reject it, even though there are some misguided women who think they want it.

"Rest assured that if woman enters politics she will be sure to carry away on her some of the mud and dirt of political contact. She will also lose some of the influence which is now hers,

"The proper sphere of woman is home; the proper place for her to reign is in the home circle.

"A ruler of Greece said: 'I com-

mand Athens. Athens rules the world and my wife commands me; therefore she rules the world.'

"So nowadays you men control the United States, and your wives controlling you, rule this country. The mother is the living oracle to her child. In after years the words spoken by our mothers through life exercise over us a blessed influence.

"The woman is the best teacher, because God has so ordained. She exercises more influence than any other person. She is an oracle to her child. The greatest men in Church or State were blessed with pious mothers, to whose instructions they owed all that they were. I might name a long catalogue. St. Louis of France spoke of his sublime mother as an angel. Chief Justice Taney was accustomed to speak of his mother and the influence of her early instructions on his life. John Randolph, of Roanoke, tells us that but for his mother's influence he would have become an infidel and an atheist.

"Let us beg of you to fulfill that mission which God has assigned to you. When husband and son come home let them find there a place of rest. Do not pour out the bitter gall of sharp words, but the oil of consolation. Be angels of charity and guard the sanctity of your homes and keep the fires of conjugal love burning."

#### ARCHBISHOPS CONFER.

#### The Annual Conference Held in Philadelphia.

The annual conference of the Archbishops of the country was held on Wednesday of last week at the archiepiscopal residence, Logan Square. Archbishops Gross, of Oregon; Janssens, of New Orleans; Katzer, of Milwaukee, and Riordan, of San Francisco, were unable to attend.

Those attending were as follows: Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Archbishop Williams, of Boston; Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati; Archbishop Chapelle, of Santa Fe; Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago; Archbishop Hennessy, of Dubuque; Archbishop Kain, and Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, representing Archbishop Janssens.

On Tuesday the Board of Indian and Negro Missions met to appportion the annual collection for this purpose. In the evening the visiting prelates and Archbishop Ryan were entertained at dinner by Cockcroft Thomas at his residence.

Archbishop Ryan, with the consent of the chairman of the meeting of the archbishops, Cardinal Gibbons, stated to representatives of the press that there are two branches of the A. O. H. The first is known as the Ancient Order of the Hibernians of America and the second as the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the Board of Erin.

While the assembled Archbishops took no notice in regard to the latter, they spoke in favorable terms of the former, which includes the great bulk of the order in the United States, and of which the Bishop of Detroit is the national spiritual director.

This action of the prelates was very gratifying to the officers and members of the organization, and State President P. O'Neill during the afternoon, in conjunction with Phillip M. Dollard, the county president of Philadelphia, took steps to convene in special session some evening of next week the County Board, composed of the officers of all of the fifty-eight divisions in the city, that some proper recognition of the action of the prelates may be adopted.

On one of the evenings during their stay the visiting prelates were entertained at a banquet at Philadelphia's leading hotel.







## PAPER MAKING LORE.

EGYPTIANS WERE FIRST TO DISCOVER THE GREAT ART.

From Verbal Message Bearers to Inscriptions Upon Stones and Then Upon Metals. Making Egyptian Paper—The Ingenuity of the Chinese.

In all ages people have been compelled to communicate with each other. At a very early period of the world's existence some material on which to inscribe any information which they wished to convey to others was found necessary. Verbal messages, though often employed by ancient nations as a means of communication, were not always possible to use. Secrets had often to be transmitted, and it was a severe trial of a bearer's fidelity to intrust him with private affairs. Many tales are related in history and in legends of trusty messengers who yielded up their lives rather than make known the secret, which no torture could drag from their lips. Still failures were not uncommon, and human ingenuity set to work to invent some material on which to inscribe signs which could be understood at a distance.

As people grew more civilized, a demand arose for some material on which records and histories might be written and handed down to posterity. Stones were probably the earliest form of writing material. Even at the present day in many parts of the world stones are found bearing inscriptions. It would seem that among the earlier races of mankind any record of great importance was generally engraved upon stone, as being the more likely to be permanent. The same feeling may be traced in the present generation, the inscriptions on tombs, foundation stones of public buildings and monuments.

Stones not being convenient for the transmission of long messages, though admirably adapted for receiving inscriptions intended to outlast dynasties, other materials were tried. Lead, brass and bricks were all found to resemble stone too much in its property of not being portable. Lead was found to be the best, as it could be beaten out into thin sheets and written upon with iron or steel instruments. Its weight, however, was against it. Tablets of wood, wax and ivory, skins of fishes, intestines of serpents, were all employed as substitutes and were found to combine the requirements of portability, durability and facility of receiving writing.

The bark of trees when once tried was found to be superior to most of the other materials, and it was employed largely till the introduction of paper. There are but few kinds of plants or trees which have not been used in the manufacture of books and paper, and the various terms employed by the classic authors denote the several parts which were written on, such as biblos, codex, liber, tabula and others.

Of paper proper itself, it is perhaps needless to remind our readers that the name is derived from the papyrus, a reed growing on the banks of the Nile. Though Egypt is generally supposed to be the source whence came the idea of making paper, evidence is not wanting in favor of the theory that the Chinese were acquainted with the art at a very early period. The Chinese process is more ingenious than that of the ancient Egyptians, being more of a manufacture, properly speaking, than the other.

The Egyptian paper made from the papyrus was made by laying thin plates of tissue, taken from the middle of the paper rush, side by side, but close together, on a hard, smooth table. Other pieces were then laid across the first at right angles. The whole was moistened with the water of the Nile, which was supposed to have some agglutinating property (though this probably resided in the plant itself), and pressure was then applied for a certain number of hours. Thus a sheet of paper was formed which required no other finishing than rubbing and polishing with a smooth stone or with a solid glass hemisphere and drying in the sun.

This simple process was rather a preparation of a natural paper than a manufacture. The process adopted by the Chinese comes, as already remarked, more legitimately under that head.

The small branches of a tree resembling a mulberry tree are cut by them in lengths of about 3 feet and boiled in an alkaline lye for the sake of loosening the inner rind of bark, which is then peeled off and dried for use. When a sufficient quantity of bark has been thus laid up, it is again softened in water for three or four days, and the outer parts are scraped off as useless. The rest is boiled in clear lye, which is kept strongly agitated all the time until the bark has become tender and separated into distinct fibers. It is then placed in a pan or sieve and washed in a running stream, being at the same time worked with the hands until it becomes a delicate and soft pulp.

For the finer sorts of paper the pulp receives a second washing in a linen bag. It is then spread out on a smooth table and beaten with a wooden mallet until it is extremely fine. So far the manufacture is very much like what is carried on by the paper makers of the present day, they having the advantage of better materials than the bark of trees, and machinery now performs all the laborious washing and pulping processes. The ingenuity of the Chinese in inventing so complicated a process is far superior to that of the Egyptians.—Paper Makers' Journal.

Did Her Best.  
This is the message the telegraph messenger handed to him:  
Come down as soon as you can. I am dying. KATE.

Eight hours later he arrived at the house, to be met on the piazza by Kate herself.

"Why, what did you mean by sending me such a message?" he asked.  
"Oh," she gurgled, "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my 10 words ran out, and I had to stop."—Indianapolis Journal.

## A FINE SAMPLE OF NERVE.

The Means by Which a Tutor Inspired His Pupils With Courage.

An instance of remarkable nerve occurred a few years ago when the school for firemen in this city was established and the men of the fire department were being trained in the use of the scaling ladders and the fire nets. The man who trained the firemen told the incident without apparently thinking it an act much out of the common.

"We began to use the fire nets," he said, "from the first story windows. There is a knack in jumping into them so as not to get hurt. I led off by standing on the window sill, telling the men how to hold the net, and then jumping into it. Each man in turn would come up and follow me in the jump. It was very simple at that height, and also from the second and third story windows. We went up a flight each day. When we had all got used to jumping into the net from the fourth story, as I found out afterward, the men thought that would do. 'We'll take the fifth tomorrow,' I had said to them when we quit that night. They thought I was a little off, and that I was guying them. So the next day, when we got ready to begin, and I set eight of them holding the net, they got nervous. I saw that when I said: 'Hold her strong, boys. I'm going to come down from the fifth.' I began to get afraid of them as I went upstairs. I got to the fifth floor and peeping out of the window to see if everything was all right. The men were all in their places. I didn't dare to get upon the window sill, as I had done on the floors below. It might make them nervous. So I just took one more peep to see if everything was still all right, put one hand on the sill and vaulted out. I came down all right, and every man made the jump after me.

"The nets ain't much good to the general public," continued the trainer, "but you have no idea of how much value they are to the discipline of the force. Firemen, you know, are mostly married men, with families, and it takes nerve for a man to plunge into a house full of flame and smoke when he has a wife and children dependent upon him, but the net gives him confidence of safety. He knows now that if his retreat is cut off by his comrades he is not in the net below, and that he knows how to jump into it safely even from the top of a house. It's a great thing."—New York Herald.

## Letters Five Hundred Years Old.

Ancient specimens of letters are shown in the Hof museum at Vienna. One is dated 1396. It consists of a large sheet of ribbed white paper folded in three. A band of paper was passed round the outside and through a slit in one edge, being then fastened with soft wax. A small piece of thin paper was laid on the wax and the seal pressed on the paper, not directly on the wax. A somewhat similar arrangement is found in a letter of the year 1446, which was written by the town counselor of Munich to the burgo-master of Rastenburg in the Tyrol, in order to obtain information concerning a man accused of bigamy. In the sixteenth century people in the Tyrol and Bavaria used bands of vellum or cords, fastened with wax. Later came separate round and oblong wafers. The use of the encircling band continued in Austria generally to 1750, or thereabout, and probably reached this century among conservative people. The first envelope of the modern type in this collection belongs to the year 1715.

## Honesty In War.

The French marshal, Turenne, was a great general, and his character bears examination for nobility. He was a great man. Many incidents which are related of him show his modesty, generosity and honesty as well as his courage and military ability. A little story of one of his German campaigns illustrates his rare scrupulousness even in time of war.

The authorities of Frankfurt believed, from the movements of his army, that he intended passing through their territory. They sent a deputation to him, which offered him a large sum of money if he would alter the direction of his march and leave Frankfurt unmolested.

They were surprised in more ways than one by his answer. "Gentlemen," he said, "my conscience will not permit me to accept your money, for I have never intended to lead my army through your town."—Youth's Companion.

## Feathers In Germany.

As soon as she is able to run about each daughter of a German farmer's family is presented with a linen bag marked with her own name, into which she puts all the feathers she can pick up. Not the slightest downy bit escapes her, and the sooner the bag is filled the greater the praise she gets from the parents. The bag being full, it is emptied into a larger one, which hangs in the garret or elsewhere, and when there are feathers enough they are made into pillows or bolsters or beds or cushions for easy chairs. We waste a great deal in this country. Although we do not keep so many geese as Germans keep, chicken feathers are plentifully strewn about most farms and make good beds.—New York Dispatch.

## She Was Hungry.

This one on a G street boarding house: A little girl asked if she might have a small piece of meat. A very small piece was placed on her plate, when she remarked:

"I want a piece to eat, not to look at!"

An audible smile traveled around among the boarders, and an audible frown settled on the brow of the landlady.—Washington Capital.

It is a crime to kill an American eagle in the state of New York, and it is also an offense against the law to have one of the noble birds in possession.

Havana, Zacatecas, Mexico, and Canton are all situated between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth degrees of north latitude.

## A STORY TOLD.

A little work, a little play,  
To keep us going—and so good day!  
A little warmth, a little light  
Of love's bestowing—and so good night!  
A little fun to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing—and so good morrow!  
A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing—and so good by!  
—George Du Maurier in "Tribby."

## A DETECTIVE'S YARN.

"It is not very often," said Detective Riley, "that a detective is forced to assume a disguise to get information, but sometimes it is absolutely necessary. The last time that I had to go into a den of thieves in a bogus character was a good many years ago, and I had a rather lively experience and enough of excitement to stand me until the end of my days.

"We received a report of the escape of a crook from the Charlestown prison, and from what the authorities there had been able to gather it was supposed that the convict had come to this city. They sent a description of the man, and the only thing that I saw was of any use was that on the man's right arm were the initials 'A. T.', with a flag above and anchor below them in india ink. I looked over our records and found that we had there the pedigree of Abe Taylor, and he had the same marks on his right arm. The rest of the description that we had did not tally very closely with the one sent from Charlestown, but I thought that there was good ground for the belief that the escaped convict was Taylor, who was one of the most successful jail breakers in the country.

"In order to be certain of the identity of the convict I went to Charlestown. I found that the man had been convicted under the name of John Smith for the robbery of the Pittsfield bank, and the style of the work was in line with the business usually touched off by Taylor. I took a run over over to Pittsfield, got a description of the two men who had done the bank out of \$160,000 and became convinced that the man who had been shot and arrested and who escaped was Abe Taylor, and that his partner was Jerry Connors.

"I knew that I was up against a stiff game, and on the train from Boston I laid out a plan which I thought would give me a show to get on the track of the men. Abe and Jerry I knew were partners with Pete Slade, who ran a notorious fence and dive in Washington street, near Canal, and I made up my mind that some time or other the pair of them would land in Slade's place. I decided that my strongest hold would be to get in with Slade and his gang on their own terms. I knew the risk I was taking, for the gang were about the toughest set of thugs and assassins in the city and would not hesitate to slit a man's wizen in a second upon the slightest provocation. I put up a scheme which I thought would beat their game, and it worked to the queen's taste.

"When I reached the city, I had myself arrested for a fictitious crime and was tried and sent to the Blackwell's Island penitentiary in a perfectly regular way, with the assistance, of course, of Recorder Hackett. The warden in the penitentiary knew my game and aided me in carrying out the business. After I had been locked up a few days I made my escape from the island after dark. The next day the newspapers contained a thrilling account of my escape, and the story was that I dug my way out of my cell and swam across the river to this city. I must have had a terrible time, as the papers told it, but as a matter of fact I crossed the river in a boat, and the story was given out to make me solid in the work I had laid out to do.

"When I reached the city, it was dark, and I walked down to Slade's dive in my convict's rig, which had been soaked with water to carry out my scheme. I sent a boy into the dive to get Slade to come to me, and I told him the story of my escape and said that a thief who had started to get away with me, but had lost his nerve when it came to taking the swim, had told me that when we reached the city we could go to Slade's and put up until the thing blew over.

"Slade was very cautious. He felt my clothing and took me in a back room in the den and carefully examined the clothes and shoes to see if they were the genuine convict's outfit. He was satisfied on that point, but was suspicious when I did not give him the name of my partner. I did not dare to take a name, for Slade knew where every thief was who had been sent away that he ever did any business with. I told him that the man was known to me as Jack, and as Jack McCarthy, one of Slade's gang, happened to be on the island at the time my story was taken as being straight, and I was given a room on the second floor to bunk in. The next day Slade saw the story of my escape in the papers and became my friend at once.

"I must admit that I never got better treatment from any one than I did from Slade and the gang. He told them that I was all right, and they were glad to know a fellow who had the nerve to swim across the East river, where the tide runs like a mill race. I had to keep in the house all the time, and in case the police got on to me in any way I was shown a way that I could escape by getting into an underground passage, which led to a sewer in the street. I was fed like a fighting cock, and nothing turned up for about three weeks. Then early one morning, while I was sleeping, some one came into my room, and I heard a whispered consultation. There was a dim light in an adjoining room, and I could see four figures. My hair stood up on end, for I naturally thought that they were talking about me, and that I had been found out. I made up my mind to give them as good a fight as there was in me, but after while the men went into the next room, and I heard them get into bed. In the morning my heart gave a big thump when I saw that the new arrivals were

Abe Taylor, Jerry Connors and Andy Cummings, the men I was after.

"My first idea was to connect with the outside and have the place pulled, and I would have done this if I had not learned that a scheme had been put up to turn off a savings bank in Newark. Cummings and Taylor had been a week in Newark planting the place. I was introduced to them by Slade, and Taylor took me right away as a jail breaker after his own heart. I worked my cards as skillfully as I could and let the gang know that I was dying of dry rot. In the course of my business I had naturally picked up every detail of the crook's trade, and let Taylor know that I was anxious to get into some good bank lift. They waited about a week and then got word from Newark that the bank was ripe. I was delighted when Taylor told me I could go along, and I carried some of the jimnies.

"When we reached the Pennsylvania depot in Jersey city, we split up, and I went to a lavatory. I found a bootblack there, and I gave him a message for headquarters here and the chief of the Newark police, informing them of the attack that was to be made on the savings bank. The boy did his work right, and when we reached Newark I saw that we were picked up by some of the local police on the dead quiet. We went to the house of Red King and learned that a hole had been pushed through the wall of the building adjoining the bank. When we left King's to go to the bank, I saw three New York detectives on the way. I could not arrange for any signal and did not know when the attack would be made upon us.

"A dozen policemen were in the bank office waiting for us, and after we had got through the hole behind the safe and were getting ready to go to work the police rushed in on us. I dashed for the hole and fell on purpose so that I blocked it, and as every man was covered with a gun there was nothing to do but surrender. I went in with the gang, and they did not learn who I was until the next day. The gang swore they would kill me, but haven't done it yet. Taylor and Connors were sent to Massachusetts on the Pittsfield affair, and the rest of the gang got a taste of Jersey justice."—New York Recorder.

## Pennsylvania Railroad Time.

There was a time when folks used to set their watches by the town clock. Nowadays the railway timepiece seems to set the pace. There is so much traveling and so many have to catch trains that men try to keep railroad time.

Few think, however, how difficult it is to keep that same railroad time straight. A bad watch or false time, even to the extent of a minute or two, might easily involve the destruction of a train and many lives. Conductors and engineers not only must have good time keeping watches, but they must have a very accurate standard of time to go by. All clocks vary, but most clocks vary too much for railroad accuracy.

All over the great Pennsylvania system the clocks are regulated every 24 hours by telegraph from Altoona, where they get the standard time in seconds from Washington. The conductors and engineers running out of Philadelphia get their time from the clock in the round at the Broad street station, the big one in the center just outside the waiting room, which occupies the same position in the new station that it did in the old. This clock, which cost over \$400, is considered a wonder and in the old station seldom varied more than two seconds in the 24 hours. It has not been doing quite so well since taken down and put up again, but is improving and is so much better than any other clock known that nobody thinks of changing it, and in all probability in a little while, when it gets accustomed to its position and surroundings, it will come as near perfect accuracy as it ever has in its history.—Philadelphia Times.

## The Kaiser's Favorite Dish.

The German kaiser and kaiserin usually breakfast and dine with 20 to 60 friends. They call that a "home" luncheon or dinner. The cuisine is half English and half German, and meats are always served in great variety, as the kaiser is a great meat eater. German champagne is furnished with soup, Moselle and Rhine wine follow and then Burgundy and Heidsieck Royal with the dessert.

The latter is a special brand manufactured expressly for his majesty, who has always from 6,000 to 10,000 quarts of it in his cellars. The kaiser's favorite dish is Vienna roast beef, or pot roast. Whenever he visits at a house, his court marshal asks the host to place this dish on the menu. The kaiser's menu is always in German script except when foreigners are invited who do not speak the language. The kaiser keeps no pastry cook. All pastries for the schloss are furnished by a caterer in Unter den Linden.

The Empress Frederick's cuisine has never excited the enthusiasm of gourmets. It is neither English nor French nor German. Her majesty is inordinately fond of cream, which is added to most dishes on her table. Purees and pastries are much liked.—New York World.

## Breslau's Trick.

Breslau, a celebrated juggler, being at Canterbury with his troop, met with such bad success that they were almost starved. He repaired to the churchwardens and promised to give a night's takings to the poor if the parish would pay for hiring a room, etc. The charitable bait took, the benefit proved a bumper, and next morning the churchwardens waited upon the wizard to touch the receipts.

"I have already disposed of dem," said Breslau. "De profits were for de poor. I have kept my promise and given de money to my own people, who are de poorest in dis parish."

"Sir," exclaimed the churchwardens, "this is a trick."  
"I know it," replied the conjurer. "I live by my tricks."—London Tit-Bits.

## A PEN PICTURE.

The Man Had Not Meant to Make Trouble, but Was Unfortunate.

"A strong wind had set in from the sea, banking huge masses of clouds over the city. The rain descended in a blinding, staggering deluge, and solid sheets of fire flashed athwart the angry skies, followed by crashing peals of thunder. The gloom was excessive. The lights in the streets cast a fitful, sickly glare over the wet pavements and the few belated pedestrians who were hastening home. It was a night for dark thoughts and darker deeds.

I laid aside the book which I had been reading—an absurdly impossible tale of midnight horrors and ghastly crimes—and sat moodily looking at the raindrops chasing madly down the window pane and at the fierce night without. The cabbies in the street below were swearing, and the call bells in the hotel were clanging like wild.

Suddenly in the adjoining room I heard a sharp click like the cocking of a firearm. The connecting door was unbolted and slightly ajar. I sat still, with bated breath and hair bristling all over with terror. A shuffling of heavy feet and a muttered imprecation as something fell on the floor. A cold, paralyzing dread seized on me, freezing the lifeblood in my veins. God of heavens, what horrible tragedy was being enacted behind that door?

Sharp, clear and loud, above the raging of the elements, rang out the report of a pistol, followed by a terrible oath and a heavy fall. Pale as a specter, I sprang, tottering, toward the door to escape, and with a horrified scream fell crashing to the floor in a dead swoon.

I awoke with a start. The connecting door was wide open. Above my prostrate form stood a rough looking man in his shirt sleeves. His right hand was bloody. I seemed to feel his clutches on my throat already and closed my eyes with a gasp. I opened them again cautiously. In his bloody grasp he held the shattered remains of an electric light globe.

"Sorry, stranger," he said, "but I tried to open the damned thing to light up, and hit busted."—Atlanta Constitution.

## EVERY HOME SHOULD OWN A DYNAMO

Then Housewives Could Magnetize Hammers and Make Tack Driving Easy.

There is an easy way to render the ordinary tack hammer an article that may be used with comfort and to do away with all danger of bruised fingers from its misdirected blows. A little electricity will do the trick. The process is so simple that it should be universally adopted.

All that is required is access to a dynamo. Then lay the head of the hammer on the framework and leave it there for about five minutes. This needs no strength, but the hammer cannot be detached without the knowledge that some force holds it fast to the ironwork, and herein lies the secret. By contact with the dynamo your hammer has been magnetized and will pick up bits of iron or steel that are not too heavy for its strength.

Tacks and small nails, too short to be held in the fingers when driving, may be easily placed in position for the hammer blows without using the finger or thumbs and much speedier work accomplished. In retacking town shades the man of the house will at once appreciate the blessing of a magnetized hammer, since he can pick the tiny tacks from the box direct with his magnet, press them into the roller with the same tool and by one blow drive the elusive fasteners home.

Carpet laying is made easy and stray tacks in quantities such as will slip from the fingers a thing of the past.—New York Herald.

## Frog Catching as an Industry.

Frog catching is a leading industry along the river, and the most successful operators work all night and sleep in the daytime. Their tents along the river are silent during the sleeping hours of the forenoon, but at night the swampy shores are alive with the moving lanterns of the fishers, or rather the froggers. The frogs are caught with an ordinary fishhook, and the most successful bait is a small piece of red flannel. The operator has a reflector lantern fastened in the bow of his boat, and it is claimed that the light makes the frogs snappish without discrimination. The baited hooks are passed freely among them as the canoes, punts, skiffs and rafts are pushed and paddled through the marshes. The frog catchers do a profitable business with the Toronto restaurants.—Toronto Globe.

## Beer by the Pound.

"What do you think of getting 1½ pounds of beer for a nickel?" said a man the other day. "Well, out in the southern part of the city they sell beer in this way altogether, especially at the little German groceries with a saloon annex. When people come into the place for a pitcher of beer, the vessel is set on scales and weighed. Then the customer is asked if he wants lager or common beer. If he wants 5 cents' worth of the first, he gets 1½ pounds, but if he wants common beer he gets 1½ pounds. The dealer I saw did not know how the custom of weighing beer originated. The stand has been handed down for several generations, and beer was never measured otherwise than by weighing.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## A Rare Stamp.

An interesting and valuable addition has been made to the splendid collection of stamps in the Philosophical museum. It is a half crown stamp, lettered "America," and is the sole survivor of those attempted to be forced upon our colonists at Boston who threw the chests of tea into their harbor, for the colonists destroyed all the stamps as well, except this, which Mr. Philbrick, Q. C., is fortunate enough to be the possessor of. Another valuable addition is a series of fine specimen copies of Australian stamps sent by Major E. H. Watts of Newport.—Boston Traveller.

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Fine Family Flour, \$3, \$3.40, \$3.50

Tapioca, 25 lbs. for \$1.

Sago, 25 lbs. for \$1.

Coffee, 20c, and 25c. per pound.

Tea, 20c, 25c, 40c, and 50c. per lb.

Full Cream Cheese, 10c. and 12½c. per lb.

Lard, 10c. per pound.

Raisins (London Layer), 20-lb. box, \$1.50.

Eastern hams, 14c. and 15c. per lb.

Tomatoes, 90c. and \$1 per dozen.

1½-lb. box Macaroni or Vermacilli, 65c. per box.

Fine, Pure Lucca Oil (guaranteed), \$1.75 and \$2 per gallon.

Fifty lbs. pounds Bean Beans.

and \$3.60 per barrel.

Good Table Claret, 25c. 40c. 50c. and 75c. per gal.

Good Reisling, 50c. 60c. and 75c. gal.

Port Wine, 65c. \$1 and \$1.50 gal.

Angelica, 75c. \$1 and \$1.50 gal.

Sherry, 65c. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.50 gal.

Short Horn Whisky, \$2.50 gal.

Irish Whisky, \$2.50 per gal.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1894.

## Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of October.

Oct. 28th—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

Dominican Convent, (24th Street) San Francisco.  
Saint Leanders, San Leandro.

## CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, November 3d

## PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Oct. 28, Sunday—24th after Pentecost—Sts. Simon and Jude Apostles.

Oct. 29, Monday—Ven. Bede, D. (735.)

Oct. 30, Tuesday—St. Alphonsus Rodriguez (Brother, S. J., 1617.)

Oct. 31, Wednesday—Vigil—St. Quintin, M. (303)—St. Sirocius, Bp. 398.

Nov. 1, Thursday—Of precept—All Saints.

Nov. 2, Friday—All Souls—St. Victorinus, Bp. M. (303.)

Nov. 3, Saturday—St. Malachy, Bp. (1148.) St. Winafred, V. M. (1050.)

should interfere in a matter strictly between a priest and his bishop is simply abominably impertinent.

It is with deep pain that we very frequently read in our exchanges and in the Eastern papers of appeals made by ecclesiastics and laymen to the courts to redress wrongs, real or imaginary, inflicted by those who hold church authority. This is a serious scandal to weak brethren, and a grave stumbling block to those who are seeking the one fold. To the enemies of Christ's spouse it is a source of immeasured joy. If these be grievances, why not appeal to the tribunals of Holy Church? To facilitate redress, the Pope has among other reasons sent us an Apostolic Delegate to whom all clergy and laity in matters ecclesiastic may appeal. It is not out of place to recall the words of the Divine Master, "He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

## Communion Under One Kind.

To receive Communion under the form of bread is the present practice of the Catholic Church. For so doing our Protestant brethren charge us with receiving a mutilated sacrament. This is to ignore historic facts, as well as the doctrine of the Eucharist held by us. During the ten great persecutions of the early Christians, the Blessed Sacrament was given to the laity to carry to their homes and there communicate themselves. From the nature of the case, it was under the form of bread alone. Again, newly baptized babes, did at one time and still do in some of the Oriental sects receive holy communion. Plainly this could only be done by giving the consecrated wine. There is no divine precept to receive under both kinds. The command is "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you can have no life in you". Believing, as we do, that wherever the body of the Lord is, there also must be His blood, His soul, and His divine nature, and that wherever His sacred blood is, there must be the living Christ, the Son of God, both in His human and His divine nature; we do therefore eat His flesh and drink His blood. This doctrine of Catholics makes them hold they fulfil the precepts to eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood. Had the followers of Christ communicated while He was in the grave, they would have been obliged to receive under both the form of bread and the form of wine. The revised version of the New Testament has corrected the translation heretofore in vogue, by substituting "or" for "and", "Whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord". It may be well to inform our readers, that the Oriental churches believing in the Real Presence just as we do, communicate the laity not by giving the chalice to drink, but by giving the con-

secrated bread sopped in the consecrated chalice. Ordinarily in the early Church communion was given in both kinds. During the Manichean heresy at one time the Church gave a similar order, to the heretics while condemning the use of wine, endeavored to receive the Blessed Sacrament. Since the so-called Reformation the denial of the Real Presence is the solid reason for communion under one kind. The discipline of the Church has varied simply because there is no divine precept on the matter.

Not so with Eucharist as a Sacrifice to "show the Lord's death till He come". The command of Jesus Christ is plain and explicit. Hence the Consecration must be of bread and of wine, and the consecrator, or priest, as we call him, must receive under both kinds to complete the sacrifice. By one of those contradictions, which is allowed to confound false teachers, Episcopalians deliberately violate this precept of our Great High Priest. Their Book of Common Prayer says: "If the consecrated bread or wine be all spent before all have communicated the Priest is to consecrate more, according to the form before prescribed."

## OUR GREAT OFFER.

Brief Summary of an Unparalleled Premium Offer.

We have received numerous letters during the past week in reference to our premium offer, and for the benefit of subscribers who desire to take advantage of its terms reiterate it this week.

For those who send us \$4.65, we will send a magnificent crayon portrait, entitled a True Likeness of Our Savior, framed in a three-inch oak frame, with handsome passepartout, already boxed for shipment to any part of the world, and a copy of this paper for one year. This offer is limited, and those who desire to obtain this magnificent picture should order it at once.

Our second offer is for \$1.50 and 10 cents, to pay postage, to send you a copy of this paper for one year, and an elegantly printed map of Ireland, size, 2 1/2 x 4 feet, printed in twelve colors. The retail value of this map alone is \$1.50, so you practically get the paper for nothing.

For our third offer we will on receipt of \$1.00 send you the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC for three months and execute for you a crayon portrait, size 17x14 inches, in the highest style of the art. These pictures are superior to any yet offered, and will warrant the closest study. As the price of the paper for three months is 40 cents, the picture, therefore, will only cost 60 cents, but will not be supplied to any but subscribers. Cut a coupon from the paper, enclose \$1.00 in coin, money order or stamps, with your photograph. If the picture is not satisfactory your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Address all orders to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, room 10, Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

## Well Deserved Tribute.

A local weekly paper pays the following compliment to a gentleman now before the people, who is well known to all the readers of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC:

In nominating James G. Nealon for a seat on the Board of Equalization the Democratic Convention was, no doubt, actuated by a desire to place a man there who is familiar with the system by which property is assessed all over the State. San Francisco has frequently suffered by reason of the incompetency of her representative on the Board. The interior representatives are always in favor of forcing the metropolis to shoulder the burden of taxation, but with a man like Nealon at Sacramento they will find it no easy task to explain their reasons for wishing to raise San Francisco's assessment.

## Healdsburg.

The recent fair, held for the benefit of St. John's church was a grand success. It was very liberally patronized and the attendance at all times was large. Everything was disposed of and the financial results were very gratifying to Father Meiler.

## A CUNNING REPTILE.

The Various Clever Devices He Used to Deceive His Discoverer.

A correspondent of The Popular Science News tells the following strange story:

While searching for snails I turned over an old log and disturbed a snake, called by our negroes a "spreading arrow." The tactics pursued by this snake were curious.

First he erected his head and neck and flattened them out till they seemed no thicker than cardboard, thus increasing his apparent size, as he took care not to be seen edgewise. The shape of his head changed. It took a pronounced triangular form—similar to the heads of our most venomous snakes. Then his tail, with the aid of a dry leaf, was proclaiming that it was the tail of a rattlesnake.

All this, coupled with an ominous hiss, was calculated to strike terror to the heart of his disturber, as for a moment it did. I regained my courage, however, and began to poke the serpent gently with a stick, when, finding "binettes" of no avail, he sought safety in flight.

Repeated "headings off" showed him how futile were his efforts in that line, and he altered his tactics again. He turned on his back and remained motionless. I threw him six feet from the ground, and so quickly did he turn over that he seemed to strike on his back.

Once on his back, nothing could induce him to move. Tapping, prodding, twisting his tail—all were in vain. Then I suspended him from the limb of a tree, retreated a little and watched. At the end of two minutes the reptile moved. Slowly he turned on his spinal column as on an axis, surveyed the premises, and seeing nothing dangerous dropped to the ground and was making off.

At my approach he died again. After sundry proddings, which failed to move him, I rewarded him for his cleverness by giving him the liberty that he certainly had earned.

## SEALS ARE FOND OF MUSIC.

And Hunters Use Sweet Sounds to Get Them Within Reach.

"Seals are very fond of music," said G. L. Tompkins of New Bedford, Mass., "and the hunters who pursue them most successfully usually make use of some musical instrument to attract them. I have a distinct recollection of the first seal hunt I ever went on. Early one morning I, in company with about a dozen others, set out in a rowboat for a spot where the seals were said to be plentiful. The boatmen dipped their oars slowly in the water and sung in unison a weird, wild song in a peculiar undertone. To me, being uninitiated in the sport, this seemed to be a curious accompaniment to a seal hunt, but I was still more surprised when one of the men produced a flute and played on it a quaint, sympathetic air.

"The effect of the music was soon evident, as dozens of seals poked their heads up, some remaining basking on the water, while others clambered up on the ledges of rock, charmed almost to unconsciousness by the music. Steering the boat to the shore, the musician all the while keeping up the plaintive air, one of the men jumped out. He carried with him a huge club and a long sharp knife. Noiselessly creeping to where some of the seals were lying on the rocks listening intently to the music, he dealt one of them a terrible blow on the head with the club, stunning it, and then made short work of the poor animal with his knife. In the same manner we secured 11 fine seals before night."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Shooting In France.

Shooting is probably the most universally popular sport in France. Almost every man is, has been or will be a "chasseur." It is a healthy exercise, inexpensive, since 20 persons can unite to hire the lease of as many acres, and is unattended with risk of disappointment, as the unlucky sportsman can always buy a rabbit at the dealer's to bring home to his wife. The French government annually issues 350,000 licenses, which bring in about \$400,000. The largest number of these permits is delivered in the departments of Gironde, Bordeaux, Bouches du Rhone, Marseilles and Seine et Oise, on account of their nearness to Paris, about 13,000 in each. The department of the Seine, in which Paris is situated, is responsible only for 9,000 licenses, there being very little real country in it.—London News.

## His Meaning Illustrated.

A lawyer was cross questioning a negro witness in one of the justice courts the other day and was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was.

"I 'ze a carpenter, sir."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"That calls me a jack leg carpenter, sah."

"What is a jack leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declar, I dunno how ter explain any mo', 'cept to say hit am jes' de same diffunce 'twixt you and er first class lawyer."—Macon Telegraph.

## A Discriminating Observer.

"Those two men seem mighty badly worked up," said the messenger boy, who was coming up stairs backward so as not to miss anything. "They're calling names an threaten to do one another."

"What is it?" asked the bookkeeper.

"A fight?"

"Naw! I thought they were fighters, but I guess they're only pugilists."—Washington Star.

## It Is Often the Case.

"Mrs. Bolton is looking extremely well. What do you attribute it to?"

"The dressmaker, of course, dear."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## SLEPT WITH THE HORSE.

The Odd Bedfellow of a Sheriff Who Held a Filer as Security.

"There are more unique experiences to be encountered in serving writs and various legal documents than in almost any other business," remarked a young lawyer the other day to a Chicago Herald reporter. "The constable and the deputy sheriff are required to do more strange things in the line of duty than any one else I ever heard of."

"One of them attached a horse for me at the Washington park track, and I went along with him to see that everything was right. We located the horse first, and when the stable boys found out what the trouble was about there was the greatest furor you ever saw."

"Why, boss," exclaimed one of them, "dat boss kin win mo' den dat in one race. Jess you let 'im alone!"

"Dat hoss am good foh a hundred ob dem claims jess at dis one meetin'" asserted another.

"They kept up a regular fusillade while the deputy and I were looking for the owner, but we paid no attention to them. When we finally found the owner, he did not seem inclined to pay."

There was a dispute as to the claim, he said, but he admitted that he had put his name to the note that we had sued on. He could not pay that afternoon anyway, and the deputy wanted to take the horse right away. I was opposed to that, however, for he was entered in a race for the next day, and it seemed unfair to prevent his running.

"You stay with the horse," I said to the deputy. "He is in your charge and you simply remain with him."

"All night?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied. "Give the owner a chance to raise the money. If he doesn't succeed, you can take the horse away tomorrow."

"But where will I sleep?" he inquired anxiously.

"Wherever the owner does," I returned. "He lives out here somewhere."

"Where do you sleep?" he asked the owner.

"I sleep with the horse," was the reply.

"The deputy looked the blooded animal over and seemed in doubt. But it was business, and he made the best of it. He growled a little, but he slept that night with the horse and its owner. And the next day the note was paid."

## Cobra Venom.

Dr. Calmette began his experiments with the most powerful of the reptile poisons and made an analysis of the venom of the cobra.

One of the most curious facts in science is that two substances having almost identically the same chemical compositions can have effects so different upon the human body as to represent the best support of life on the one hand and the quickest termination of it on the other. The albumen, or white, of an egg and the poison of the cobra of India are so nearly identical in composition that it takes a very careful analysis to detect the difference.

It was long supposed that the fatal principle of snake poison was an animal alkaloid, but late analyses have caused the abandonment of this idea. The fact which, for a long time, placed cobra poisoning beyond the reach of a remedy was its very similarity to albumen, it being held that no specific which would neutralize or destroy it could be prevented from neutralizing and destroying the albumen of the blood as well. The poison contains two distinct albuminoids—one coagulable and the other persistently liquid in form. The latter is the active and death producing principle and remains superior to a heat of 180 degrees F. as well as to evaporation, the solid result retaining all the deadly properties of the liquid.—McClure's Magazine.

## The Lightwood of Florida.

"Lightwood" is one of the most useful southern products, especially in Florida, where it is used by all sorts of country folk, and particularly by the hunters. A cordwood stick carried into the wilderness will cut up into fragments with which a dozen meals may be cooked. The rich, resinous pine makes a quick, hot fire, especially suited to open air cooking. It is a Florida tradition that the chief who led the little band of Seminoles whom the United States army long failed to run to earth was on the point of agreeing to go with his people to Indian Territory when he suddenly asked whether there was any lightwood in that new land, and, when the answer was no, positively refused to go further with the treaty. He would not live in a land without lightwood.—Philadelphia Press.

## Erasing the Card Tax.

The treasury department recently ruled that packs of cards known as "old maid," "authors" and similar games which are played with cards other than the regular pasteboards used in duplicate whist, euchre and occasionally seven up and poker are not subject to the 2 cent duty. Accordingly some wise manufacturer has issued an "old maid" pack. It consists of a euchre deck, with the addition of a card bearing the visage of a sour looking elderly female, supposed to be the old maid. It merely takes the place of the joker and can be used in the game or not, as the players please.—Washington Star.

## Romance at Advanced Prices.

"Marie and George have separated, you know. He told her one night that when he was out of town he always felt as though he would give \$10 for just a word with her."

"Well?"

"And so the next time he went to New York she put him to the test by calling him up on a long distance telephone and making him pay the bill."—Chicago Record.

The Medical News says that even sewage water can be converted into pure drinking water by sand filtration in filter basins at the rate of 2,000,000 gallons per acre per day.

# A GRAND Opportunity TO MAKE MONEY \$5 to \$50 FOR LITTLE LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

## This is The Plan

Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect \$1.50 from each one, send \$5 to the office, and retain \$2.50 for your commission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send \$10 to the office, and retain \$5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send \$20 to the office, retaining \$10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send \$40 to the office, retaining \$20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send \$50 to the office, retaining \$25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send \$100 to the office, retaining \$50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.



## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

St. Joseph's Boys Sodality  
Elects Officers.

## ALAMEDA'S NEW CHURCH.

Offer of a Large Tract of Land  
near Santa Cruz for a great  
College.

## Alameda.

Work on the new St. Joseph's church has been prosecuted with considerable vigor, and Rev. Father Sullivan and the parishioners are much pleased with the rapidity which has characterized the erection of the edifice.

The roof was completed a couple of weeks ago, and the first, or brown coat of plaster has been put on. The window frames have been placed in position, and the structure has reached that stage toward completion that work can be prosecuted regardless of the state of the weather.

The bell tower and steeple have reached their height, and a gilt cross already ornaments the steeple. The roofing of this will be slate, the tiles having already arrived.

The ladies' bazaar for the benefit of the church building fund will be open on November 12th, but it is not yet decided whether it will be held in the new building or in St. Joseph's Hall. It is quite likely, however, that it will be in the new structure.

December 16th has been selected as the date of dedication, and Father Sullivan will have redeemed his promise to have it completed before Christmas.

The A. P. A. Lodge meets every Tuesday night in the lodge room in Masonic Hall. It is amusing to stand on the corner of Park street and Alameda avenue, and witness the efforts of the members to escape observation as they try to dodge into their hall. A group of gentlemen standing on the corner on Tuesday night, watching their suspicious movements, at first thought a clue had been found to the murderous burglar who has been entering so many houses in this city, but gave up the idea when they recognized one of the members. If any of the Catholics of Alameda wish to know who their enemies are, all they need do is to stand on the above corner on any Tuesday night and watch them as they go up the stairs. We have a large number of their names, but as they are of no standing in the community, we believe it a waste of space to publish them. It will only give them the notoriety they seek.

## Santa Cruz.

One of the loveliest bits of beach along the shore of the beautiful bay of Monterey, says the Surf, is the one that is accessible only through the picturesque canyon that debouches near Leonard's station and is crossed by what is known as the high bridge on the broad gauge road. This section of the shore line affords some of the most charming views of mountain and marine scenery that can be found along the California Coast, and for some time prominent Catholics who have become familiar with the locality have looked forward with hope to the time when a resort could be established in that locality.

The Leonards who own the property have looked upon the project with favor and it now seems likely to assume a tangible shape in the near future.

It was announced some months ago that the Catholic College in Santa Clara would soon require more ample accommodations; it is now probable that a combination will be affected by which an educational institution which will be the successor of this college, and a seaside resort for the clergy of the Pacific Coast will be established at Leonards.

About a thousand acres of land will probably be included in the holdings which the church will acquire and large developments may be looked for in the future in that locality.

## San Miguel.

The sodality of the children of Mary was recently organized here and the following officers were elected:

President, Miss Belle McDonald; vice-president, Miss Annie Cunningham; secretary, Miss Annie Curtin; executive committee, Miss Mamie Fitzgerald, Miss Maggie McDonald and Miss Mae Miller. Father O'Reilly will deliver a lecture once a month before the society.

## Santa Rosa.

Rev. Thomas Adams, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the guest of his cousin, Mrs. John Keegan, Sr., at Santa Rosa. Father Adams was educated in Spain. He came from Ireland some twenty-four years ago, and has since been attached to a church in Brooklyn.

In February of 1876, while crossing the East river, Father Adams rescued a woman from drowning. The boat was slowly making its way through a thin crust of ice, when the cry was raised that a woman was overboard. Father Adams then took off his coat, jumped in and saved the woman. For this act of bravery Father Adams was presented with a gold watch, suitably inscribed, by the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York.

## Santa Clara.

The feast day of Sister Mary Beatrix, superior of the convent of Notre Dame, was celebrated on Friday of last week by the young ladies of the Institution.

An excellent entertainment was given by the students. The exhibition hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion, with flowers and smilax, and was crowded by the numerous friends and relatives of the students.

An excellent program was presented and thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The sister received many presents and congratulations. At noon the students enjoyed a well arranged lunch in honor of the day.

## Sonora.

Rev. Father Gulerin, who has been undergoing medical treatment at St. Mary's hospital, reached home on Tuesday night.

Several weeks ago he was thrown from his buggy and sustained a painful and serious injury by the breaking of the collar bone. We are pleased however to know that he is now completely recovered, and that his health and strength are again assured unto him.

## St. Joseph's.

Last Sunday morning great enthusiasm was manifested at the meeting of the Young Men's Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, Branch No. 1, the occasion being the election of officers. The society is now canonically approved, the papers having arrived from Rome on October 8th, and, as a result, there was a friendly rivalry to see who would have the honor of office in the Sodality for the next term.

Some seventy members were present when the chairman declared nominations in order. For the office of President were nominated Messrs. Lawler and Asmusen. The former was elected, although Mr. Asmusen's popularity was manifested by the many votes cast in his favor. Mr. Daniel Fitzgerald was elected Vice-President. The race, however, between Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Brown was quite close for some time. To the office of Secretary Mr. Thomas W. Hickey was unanimously re-elected, and then came the liveliest contest of the meeting. This was the fight for the office of Treasurer.

The candidates for this office were quite numerous. Messrs. Lucier, Sullivan, Barry, Dumont and Cadogan all entered the race; but Mr. Thomas H. Sullivan was elected, although Mr. Lucier was a very close second.

When the Secretary announced the result of the balloting great applause was given, and it soon became evident the members were well pleased with their choice. Each successful candidate was called on for a speech.

The members felt delighted to see their election honored by the presence of their newly appointed chaplain, Rev. Joseph M. Gleason. Although his time was very limited, still he managed to attend the election, thus manifesting the great interest he takes in the welfare of the Sodality. Furthermore, the members felt happy to see present Brother George, the newly appointed Principal of St. Joseph's school, and Brother Francis, teacher at the same school. They were ushered into the sodality hall by our zealous prefect. It may be said to the credit of the sodality at large that the officers they elected are among the most edifying members of the society.

They have shown their work by their long membership, good conduct and prompt attendance at all the meetings.

Before the meeting adjourned the Brother Prefect asked the staff of officers to meet at 5 p. m. in the sodality hall, for the purpose of appointing the minor officers. The result was as follows:

Sacristan, Edmund Fitzgerald.  
Chanters, Louis Brown and Charles Asmusen.

Librarians, James Tomlins and Harry Hay.

Councilors, Frank Lucier, Frank Dumont and Michael O'Connell.

## West Oakland.

The Working Boy's League has been increased by the admission of fifteen members, and five applications are pending. To-morrow will be the general communion day for the members.

The newly organized Gentlemen's Sodality will also receive Holy Communion to-morrow morning.

A splendidly equipped class room has recently been set apart in St. Joseph's Institute for the use of the graduating class. There are at present four young ladies in the class who will receive their graduating honors in December, 1885. The attendance at school is excellent, and the sisters of St. Joseph are much pleased with the results obtained from their promising pupils.

## San Leandro.

Some time ago Miss Dottie Mariente, an eleven-year-old miss, conceived the idea of procuring statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph for the church. She enlisted her schoolmates in the undertaking, and on Wednesday afternoon gave an entertainment in St. Joseph's hall, for which an admission fee of 10 cents was charged. An excellent programme was presented, and a considerable sum was realized towards attaining her object. The program comprised vocal and instrumental music, dialogues and recitations, and proved a most enjoyable affair. All the young ladies participating attend the Dominican convent school, and gave every evidence of the careful instruction imparted by the sisters.

## Stockton.

During the two weeks commencing on Sunday, November 11th, at 10:30 o'clock mass and ending on Sunday, November 25th, Fathers Moeller and Finnegan of the Society of Jesus will hold a mission at St. Mary's Church similar to others held by the reverend Fathers throughout the State. The Fathers are eloquent preachers and have been very successful in their work in California.

During the two weeks the order of exercise will be as follows: At 5 o'clock a. m., mass and instruction; 8:30 a. m., mass and sermon; 3 p. m., stations of the cross; 7:30 p. m., rosary, sermon, benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

The exercises at night for the first week, from November 11th to November 18th, will be exclusively for women. For the second week, from November 19th to November 25th, the night exercises will be exclusively for men.

## Fresno.

The various items of receipts of the Catholic Fair which was held in Kutter hall last week, have been footed up, and it is found that in every sense of the word it was a success. The Sisters of the Holy Cross, under whose auspices it was held, have expressed their thanks to all who have contributed, either by their presence or otherwise, to the success. Mrs. Dr. Adair, as president, worked unceasingly, and to her efforts splendid results are largely due.

The president, Mrs. Dr. Adair, and the secretary, Sister Florian, have furnished the following report as to the result:

Gross receipts	\$1,322.50
Expenses	186.00
Net proceeds	\$1,136.50

## Here and There.

Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery was tendered a reception at the residence of Father Farrelly, in Visalia, on the evening of the 16th inst. All the members of the church and many Protestants took occasion to become acquainted with the Bishop. On the evening of the 18th inst. the Bishop delivered a lecture on the temperance question in Visalia, which attracted a large attendance.

The Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered to about 100 children at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, San Rafael, on Sunday, November 11th.

## PREMIUM PORTRAIT COUPON.

This Coupon when accompanied by \$1.00 entitles the holder to a large sample

## CRATON PORTRAIT

Size, 17x14 inches. Taken from any photograph or tin-type, and

Three Month's Subscription

to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. Be particular to write name and address plainly to insure prompt delivery.

## The Angel of the Morn.

WRITTEN FOR CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.  
'Tis when the eyes of night are weary  
The vision bright appears,  
That stirs and fills my soul, grief—  
dreary,  
Like music from the spheres.

'Tis then the darkness dim is palling  
And on the scattered clouds  
The beveled shafts of morn are falling,  
Like sun rays on black shrouds.

From Eastern skies with splendor  
beaming,  
A lustrous figure wings  
His flight, his long hair streaming,  
Like gathered hair of mighty kings,

His hand a golden sceptre carries,  
All tipped with dazzling light.  
He smiles as on his way he tarries  
To 'perse the brackish clouds of  
night.

His sarcenet folds, like weawelets trem-  
ble,  
And gleam with radiant dyes;  
While silvery beams of light assemble  
To adorn the new morn skies.

I watch his course with wondering  
vision,  
As o'er the heaven he flies,  
I ask with doubting undecision,  
Is he an angel of the skies?

Or phantom of the budding morning,  
I know not but to me,  
All futile dreams and visions scorning,  
Its ranks a mystery.

But hush! Hear not that whisper  
lightly,  
Of fancy sure not born;  
"He whom thou seest, he is rightly  
Styled the angel of the morn."

JOSEPH NOONAN,

Los Angeles, Cal.

## Charles S. Tilton.

One of the most able surveyors this city ever had was Charles S. Tilton, the regular Republican nominee.

Few men have been so popular or have shown themselves so thoroughly competent to administer the duties of that office as Mr. Tilton. He is an old resident of San Francisco and enjoys the esteem and respect of a wide circle of friends. He was born at Lowell, Mass. Mr. Tilton is in all else a Californian. He came to this State in 1852 and has lived in this city ever since.

After a highly creditable career as a school-boy, and subsequently graduating with honors from the high school, Mr. Tilton entered upon the special studies of the profession of his choice, that of a civil engineer in the office of County Surveyor. For nearly twenty years he filled one position and then another, becoming so thoroughly familiar with every detail as to make him the best informed man in the city and county in his particular line. In 1885 he was elected City and County Surveyor and in 1890 that judgment of the people was confirmed by his re-election. A true Republican, Mr. Tilton is a hearty worker in the cause and a thoroughly competent man for his position. He has the support of men of both parties and is endorsed by all who know him. As a member of several fraternal organizations, Mr. Tilton holds high rank and is decidedly popular with all kinds and classes of people.

## Trying.

There are some cases in which a correct musical ear causes its possessor a good deal of discomfort.

"I suppose you heard Squire Sampson's daughter's voice pretty loud in the hymns, my dear?" said Parson Fawcett inquiringly to his little wife at the close of the morning service. "I used to think when she lived here before her marriage that her voice was very strong, but not—er—not exactly reliable perhaps as to pitch."

"Mr. Fawcett," replied the minister's wife, while a flush rose to her thin cheeks, "I suppose she that was Arabella Sampson thinks she is praising the Lord when she sings, and far be it from me to say that she doesn't, but I must say that it's all I can do to praise him at the same time!"—Youth's Companion.

## If All the Planets Were Gold.

A celebrated English authority, in a well known work titled "Observations on Reversionary Payments," makes the following wonderful calculations: It is well known to what prodigious sums money at compound interest will increase. A penny so improved from the time of our Saviour—that is to say, put out at 5 per cent compound interest—would by this time have increased to more money than could be contained in 150,000,000 of globes equal to the earth in magnitude, and all solid gold.

Women freely travel about in Korea until midnight, a writer on the Koreans says, while the men are required to be in the house at 8 p. m.

The largest bell in America is said to be in the cathedral of Montreal and weighs 28,000 pounds.

## SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

Grain, Etc.

WHEAT—Milling, \$2.40@2.50 c; shipping grades, 77@78 c; new crop, 75@76 c; choice Chevalier, \$1.75@1.80 c.

OATS—Old crop—Off grades of feed, 20@22 c; good to choice, 22@24 c; fancy, 24@26 c; surprise, \$1.10@1.15 c; milling, \$1.15@1.20 c; gray, 20@21 c.

CORN—Large yellow, \$1.17@1.20 c; small do, \$1.22@1.25 c; white, \$1.23@1.26 c.

BEANS—Pea, \$2.50@2.70 c; pink, \$1.45@1.50 c; bayo, \$1.75@1.90 c; small white, \$2.50@2.65 c; large do, \$2.40@2.50 c; butter, \$1.75@1.80 c; Lima, \$4.00@4.25 c; red, \$2.00 c.

SEEDS—Rape, 14@24 c; hemp, 23@24 c; canary, 40 c for imported; do California, nominal; flaxseed, 23@24 c; alfalfa, 100 c for Utah; mustard, 23@24 c for yellow and 24@25 c for brown.

HAY—Wheat, \$8.00@12.50 c; ton; wheat and oat, \$7.50@11.50 c; stock, \$5.00@6.50 c; alfalfa, \$7.00@8.00 c; barley, \$6.00@7.00 c; clover, \$5.00@11.00 c; oat, \$7.00@11.00 c; compressed, \$7.00@11.00 c.

STRAW—50@60 c bale.

HOPS—Nominally 23@24 c for '93 and 23@24 c for '94.

BUCKWHEAT—Nominal.

RYE—New, 77@80 c ctd.

DRYED PEAS—Nominal.

Flour—Family extra, \$3.25@3.35 c; bbl; bakers' extra, \$3.15@3.25 c; superfine, \$2.40@2.50 c.

BRAN—From \$13.50@14.00 c per ton for home products.

MIDDINGS—From \$16.00@18.00 c per ton.

GROUND BARLEY—From \$18.00@19.00 c per ton.

FRED CORNMEAL—From \$27.00@28.00 c per ton.

CRACKED CORN—From \$27.50@28.00 c per ton.

OLIVE OIL—\$35.00 c per ton from mill; jobbing at \$37.50 c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—\$30.00 c per ton.

Various—Cash prices for 10-b sks: Cracked Wheat, 34@35 c; Rye Flour, 34@35 c; Rye Meal, 30@31 c; Buckwheat Flour, 50 c; Oatmeal, 44@45 c; Oat Groats, 50 c; Hominy, 44@45 c; Rice Flour, 74@75 c; Farina, 44@45 c; Pearl Barley, 44@45 c; Split Pea, 54@55 c; Rolled Oats, 50 c; Buckwheat Groats, 84@85 c; Graham Flour, 30 c.

Vegetables.

Onions—Yellow, 50@55 c ctd.

Potatoes—From 30@35 c ctd in sks for Early Rose, 35@36 c for river Burbanks and 35@36 c for Salinas Burbanks; Sweet, 75@80 c.

Various—Lima Beans, 14@15 c; String Beans, 14@15 c; Green Peppers, 23@24 c; Cucumber, 23@24 c; do for pickling, \$1.00@1.50 c; 100 lbs for No. 1, and 23@24 c for No. 2; Summer Squash, 23@24 c; Tomatoes, 12@13 c for large box; Green Corn, 30@35 c; do for common; do bay, 75@80 c; do crate and 40@45 c; do box; Green Okra, 35@36 c; do box; Egg Plant, 23@24 c; do box; Cauliflower, 75@80 c; do doz; Cabbage, 50@60 c ctd; Beets, 50 c; do sk; Turnips, 50 c; Carrots, 50 c; Green Peas, 12@14 c.

Fruits and Nuts.

FRESH FRUITS—Strawberries, \$3.00@3.50 c; chest, Blackberries, \$3.00@3.50 c; Raspberries, \$3.00@3.50 c; Huckleberries, 45@50 c.

Grapes—Muscat, 25@26 c; do box; Rose of Peru, 30@35 c; (fancy in crates, 50 c); Black Hamburg and Malvoise, 23@24 c; Tokay, 50@55 c.

Apples—40@45 c; do box; plums, 35@40 c; do box; prunes, 40@45 c; do box; Bartlett pears, 75@80 c; do box; peaches, 15@16 c; do box; and 25@26 c for box; crabapples, 23@24 c.

Melons—Watermelons, \$3.00@12.00 c; cantaloupes, 50@55 c; do crate; Nutmeg Melons, 25@30 c.

Pigs—Black, 25@26 c; do white, 35 c; nec tarines, red, 40@45 c; do white, nominal.

Lemons—California, \$2.00@2.50 c; do for fair to choice; fancy Santa Barbara and Santa Paula, \$4.00@5.00 c; Mexican limes, \$7.00@8.00 c.

Various—Bananas, \$1.50@2.50 c bunch; pine apples, \$2.00@3.00 c; do for Honolulu.

DRIED FRUITS—New crop—Apricots, 74@84 c; do box, 84@85 c; evaporated, 84@85 c; do dried, sliced, 84@85 c; peaches, bleached, 84@85 c.

Old crop—Pears, 54@55 c; do for bleached halves; do qrs, 44@45 c; plums, 35@36 c; black figs, pressed, 30 c; do unpressed, 30 c; do ungraded, 23@24 c; prunes, 44@45 c; for graded and 35 c for ungraded.

Raisins—Local prices, crop of 1894—California clusters, \$1.25@1.50 c; do layers, 0.00@1.00 c; Muscatel, loose, 15@16 c; do sks, 24@25 c; for No. 1 and 24@25 c for No. 2; dried grapes, 24 c.

Nuts—Jobbing prices: Almonds, softshells, 10@11 c; do; do papershell, 10@11 c; do hardshell, 6@6 c; standard, 7@8 c; walnuts, California, softshell, 9@10 c; do papershell, 9@10 c; do hardshell, 5@6 c; do No. 2, 4@4 c; do Chile, 7@8 c; Brazil, 8@10 c; Filberts, 10@11 c; polished pecans, Texas, 8@10 c; pinenuts, Mexican, 12@13 c; peanuts, 54@55 c; hickory, nominal; coconuts, \$3.00@3.50 c.

Butter, Cheese and Honey.

BUTTER—Creamery, 24@25 c; do; fancy dairy, 23@24 c; good to choice, 19@20 c; common, 16@18 c; pickled roll, 12@13 c; creamery in tubs, 21@22 c; firkins, 19@20 c.

CHEESE—California, 8@11 c; do for flats; Young America, 9@10 c; Eastern, 11@12 c.

HONEY—Jobbing prices, Comb, clear white, 10@11 c; do; do dark to light, nominal; water white, extracted, 64@65 c; light amber do, 64 c; dark amber do, 64@65 c.

BEESWAX—14@15 c.

Poultry and Eggs.

POULTRY—Hens, \$3.50@4.50 c; do; broilers, \$2.00@3.00 c; fryers, \$3.00@4.00 c; roosters, \$1.00@2.00 c; for young; do old, \$3.00@4.00 c; geese, \$1.25@1.50 c; pair; ducks, \$1.00@1.50 c; do; turkeys, alive, 12@14 c; do; pigeons, \$1.00@1.50 c; do for young and \$1.00@1.25 c for old.

Eggs—California, 20@25 c; do for fair to choice; fancy ranch, 24@40 c; Eastern, 20@25 c.

## PERSONAL.

Miss Lucy Booth, daughter of General Booth of the Salvation Army, was married in London to Colonel Hellberg, a Swedish member of the Army.

Mrs. Mary E. Vanasse, aged 19, was arrested at Fon du Lac, Wis., as a tramp. She is pursuing her husband, who deserted her, and threatens dire vengeance on him when she meets him. The only weapon found on her was a curling iron.

William Morris Barker, bishop of Western Colorado, has been elected bishop of the missionary jurisdiction of Olympia, Wash., at a secret session of the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal church of America, held in the church mission house in New York.

Professor J. B. Jones of Hamilton Dental college and pastor of the Providence Christian church in Lexington, Ky., has been deposed from his pastorate by the irate members, who object to his mixing up politics with religion. He was a bitter opponent of Colonel Breckinridge.

A jury in the United States circuit court at New York awarded Miss Harriet Monroe judgment against The World for \$5,000 damages. The suit was brought to recover \$50,000 for the publication in The World of the Columbian ode written by Miss Monroe. The ode had been copyrighted.

William B. Comstock, 75 years old, one of the oldest residents of Mount Vernon, a California pioneer and a brother of Cornelius Comstock, at the head of the packet line plying between New York city and California, was stricken with paralysis at New York and is expected to die.

James Means, division freight agent of the Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis railroad, was indicted in Pittsburg by the United States grand jury for discriminating in the matter of beer shipments from Cincinnati to Pittsburg. The trial of Baltimore and Ohio railroad officials for the same offense has commenced.

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## JOHN F. LYONS



## AFTER MASSENET.

["The Invocation."] Come, thou enchantress of my soul. Beauty divine enrobes thee. Mystical form of love thou art. Thy magic spell intrals me. I follow thee with rapturous flight. No spot on earth can claim thee. The incarnation of delight. My soul's bride I thus name thee. —Brooklyn Eagle.

## HIS LAST CRIB.

"I ain't," observed Burglar Joey Brown as, wheezing and gasping, he struggled through Lord Heathington's scullery window, "I ain't as narrer as I used to be when I first entered the purfession, not by a long chalks. I'm puttin on flesh, that's wot I'm doin, and it's time I left off burglin and took a pub. Lawd, but that's made me sorter sultry!"

Burglar Joey Brown took a large red handkerchief from one of his suspiciously capacious pockets and wiped his face with energy. He was an old hand at the game, was Joey. True, he had been "quodded" once or twice, but what of that? Every burglar whose soul is in his work must expect to be "quodded" occasionally during his career. Besides these doses of "penal" afford time for reflection and rest.

Joey had made his way cautiously from the mews which lay at the back of Lord Heathington's town residence, and when he had reached the small courtyard which separated the stables from the main building the rest had been easy, and here he was in the scullery. Joey rubbed his face until it shone like a copper kettle and then returned the handkerchief to his pocket.

"If this 'ere exploit," said Mr. Brown, addressing the tubs and bowls around him, "turns up trumps and brings in the dibs, well—with a satisfied chuckle—'Joe Brown and burglin will part company. Joe Brown is gettin too fat for this kind of work. And now, as Macbeth observes in the play, 'Let us away,' and inspect 'is lordship's valyoolies.'"

Joey, whose boots, it is hardly necessary to explain, had been left in a shady corner of the mews, made his way noiselessly out of the scullery into the kitchen and thence into the corridor.

"These footmen," said Joey, who seemed to be perfectly acquainted with his whereabouts, "snore like 'ogs. I might do a 'ornpipe in boots 'ere and never be 'eard with that awful row goin on."

After looking in on the slumbering footman for a moment Mr. Brown proceeded on his way and ascended to the first floor.

"They've several little articles in the dorin room wot I want to inspect," he murmured, "after which we will pay our custom'ry visit to the plate closet."

Joey made his way quietly into the drawing room, but before annexing anything of value he deposited himself upon a divan and grew poetical.

"Just to think," he murmured, "only this one crib, and then I've done with the purfession forever. Little pub in the country—shady medders—cows and sheep basin—new laid eggs and milk—there will Joe Brown spend the autumn of his days—the evenin of a useful career. 'E will go to church, be a churchwarden." Here Joey gave vent to a most unctuous chuckle. "Just fancy, Joey 'andin the bag! Oh, wot delights are in store for Joe Brown when 'e retires from business! It won't be long afore there's a Mrs. Joseph either. Wot, oh, wot is home without a mother? And now, Joe, you must gag a bit and get to work on these 'ere golden'—"

Joey sat up with a start, and then, with wonderful alacrity for a man of his bulk, left his seat and slid behind a screen which stood near him.

"Somebody on the move," said Joe softly. "There's a door goin." He listened intently, and his quick ears soon detected the sound of footsteps crossing the hall. Arrived at the foot of the staircase, the person, whoever it was, began to ascend, upon which the burglar left his place of concealment, crawled to the door and peeped out.

"Is lawdship!"

Joey quickly got back to his screen and decided to give the master of the house a good half hour in which to get to bed and to sleep. "That was a narrer shave," he soliloquized. "Supposin I 'adn't 'eard 'im and 'e'd come plump in 'ere and found me restin on 'is sofa! W'y, it 'ud 'ave meant goodby to the pub and 'ow 'ere yer? to the Scrubs or Portland. This ought to teach you, Joey, that, like other vocations, burglin is never entirely learnt. Now, suppose wot?"

"Some one else abaht!" was Joey's classic utterance as he once more crawled to the door and peeped out.

There was some one else about. As Joey peeped out a tall, dark man in evening dress issued from the room facing that which was honored with Mr. Brown's presence and stood for a moment examining something which glistened in the moonlight, for, contrary to Joey's expectations, the moon had disengaged herself from the clouds which had previously enveloped her and was now shedding her soft light on the world beneath her.

Whatever the thing was that he was examining the man put it quickly into the inside pocket of his dress coat and then made his way to the staircase. As the ray which came through the fanlight over the door fell on his face Joey saw that it was convulsed with rage and every evil passion. His teeth were clinched, and his dark eyes gleamed with fury. At the foot of the staircase he paused.

"He refuses!" he hissed. "My own brother refuses me this favor—a trifle to him, all the world to me. Very well." He stopped speaking and seemed to wrestle with his better self for a moment. Then, with an oath, he began to ascend the stairs.

"Well," said Joey to himself as he

rubbed his eyes, "this 'ere's a rum go. Fust 'is lawdship goes to bed at 1 o'clock of the mornin, when I know for certin—'avin 'ad it from the second footman 'imself over a glass of beer—'is usual hour is 11 at night, and then, close on his heels, comes 'is lawdship's brover a-swearin and cussin dreadful to 'ear and lookin at summat wot shines. Joey, my lad, we'll see this 'out."

So saying, Mr. Brown crept softly up stairs, stopping at intervals to listen and make sure that he was unperceived. He reached the first floor and paused as if uncertain whether to direct his steps.

"Let's see," he said, "'is lawdship's bedroom looks on to the street, and yours—I remember now that the powdered haired cove ikexplained—'er ladyship is out 'er town. Very well, then. The mewes is to my back, so the front of the 'ouse must be afore me. Ah, they're a-talkin, and I's pose they've got this part of the 'ouse all to themselves, since there ain't no children or guests."

The talking was evidently going on in a bedroom which opened into a corridor that lay on Mr. Brown's right hand, and so, with the utmost caution, the burglar crept softly down the passage until he reached a door that was partly ajar. A little investigation served to show Mr. Brown that the chamber to which the door belonged was a dressing room, and that, furthermore, the dressing room opened into the bedroom in which the conversation was taking place. Very stealthily the house-breaker entered and crawled to the bedroom door. Arrived there, he experienced no difficulty in hearing every word that was spoken.

"I refuse—emphatically," Lord Heathington was exclaiming, "and I'll trouble you to leave this room at once."

"Not until I get what I want," answered the other in an insolent tone. "You shall never have another farthing from me," said the peer. "You have run through all your own money and a considerable portion of mine, and I won't stand your blackmailing any longer. Now, you can leave this room and my house as soon as you like."

The younger man uttered a fierce imprecation.

"If you won't give me what I want," he shouted, "I'll find a way of making you."

"As you see fit to descend to vulgar threats," returned Lord Heathington quietly, "I shall have to have you put out of the house."

So saying, he advanced toward the bell-rope and was about to pull it when his brother sprang forward, and being by far the more powerful of the two knocked him down with one blow of his fist. Then, as Lord Heathington attempted to rise, his relative dropped on to his knees and held him down by the throat.

"Help! Help! Murder!" exclaimed the prostrate man in half stifled tones. Joey, looking through the door, saw the younger man put his hand inside his coat and draw a shining object from his pocket—the same object that he had examined so intently in the hall. Joey was not an individual possessed of much virtue, but he was an Englishman, and in common with his countrymen was always inclined to side with the weaker party when any struggle was going on. He knew that any interference on his part would lead to his detection and subsequent arrest, but he did not allow that thought to deter him from the course of action which he resolved to take. He saw the uplifted weapon. He heard Lord Heathington's cry of "Murder!" and he could see the diabolical look on the face of the other man. Joey took in the situation in a moment. The events of a few seconds take some minutes to describe, and it must be remembered that the occurrence we are describing was of less than a minute's duration from first to last. It was a large room, and between the door and the struggling couple was a huge four poster.

Joey, on seeing the uplifted weapon, snatched a pillow from the bed and threw it with all his force at the would be murderer's head. Then he sprang across the bed and grappled with him ere he had time to take his brother's life.

With an exclamation of baffled rage Lord Heathington's brother turned on the burglar and buried his dagger—for the weapon was a poniard of Italian make, which usually hung on the wall of Lord Heathington's study—in Joey's side. Simultaneously the burglar dealt him a tremendous blow on his head with a jimmy, and when the frightened domestics, aroused by their master's frantic tugs at the bell-rope, arrived on the scene they found house-breaker and peer's brother lying side by side, the first dying, the second only unconscious.

An hour later Joey recovers consciousness, thanks to the efforts of the doctors who were hastily called in. Lord Heathington's brother, dangerously but not mortally hurt, lies in his own room. Joey himself rests on his lordship's bed. His life is fast ebbing away, for the physicians say that they cannot save it.

Lord Heathington, eternally grateful to the man who has saved his life, sits by the bedside, anxiously watching the sufferer's face.

Joey's lips move, and the peer bends over him and listens for what he would say.

"Didn't take—nothin—yer—lawdship," murmurs Joey faintly. "My—my last crib, yer lawdship. Goin to turn honest, yer!"

Joey's voice falls him, and the doctor by his side puts a cordial to his lips.

"Take—pub—country," continues Joey, with an effort, "medders—cows and sheep, yer lawdship, turn honest—cracked this—last crib—lawdship!"

And then, with a long sigh, the burglar's soul takes wing, and who will say that by his last brave act Joey did not redeem his crimes of the past?—Million.

## THE BROTHERS.

Ride we out at the dawning of day— Gray are the hills and a blush on the sky— Up between fields where the dew frosts lay, Jack and Harold and I.

Can ever an hour with this compare? Is ever a bloom like a waking one? Ho, for the breath of the unwarned air That knows not the kiss of the sun!

Over the highway and down the hill, Speer we well by the wings of a bird, A retreating east and a warming thrill— The world has awaked and stirred!

A sudden ray and a cock's shrill call, A salty scent from the sea blown down, A thought of the work that awaits us all— And yonder the spires of the town!

Back we ride at the closing of day, Met by the breath that the brier sheds, And a bird that is flying to west away, And one star over our heads.

Can ever an hour with this compare, When the day and the night are almost one, Filling the sky and the silent air, Hushed at the death of the sun?

Back 'tween the dewy fields we ride, Under the deepening heart of the sky, Passing the bridge and the hill's steep side— Jack and Harold and I.

And down by the mill will one of us wait, Wait for the wave of a hand, for a smile, And over the hill by the vine clad gate, Will one of us linger awhile.

But under the stars, in the gathering gloom, One riddeth on, riddeth on for a space, Then, oh, the scent of the white rose bloom, And the joy in a mother's face!

—Virginia W. Cloud in Youth's Companion.

## A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

It might have happened in London or it might not. If any one prefers to localize this story of true love at Liverpool or Glasgow or any other British city where Irish do live, he or she is quite welcome to do so. I am not going to vulgarize a tender idyl by giving with the fidelity of a county court summons the precise town, village or other minute description of the scene where the poetic events to be now told took place.

Mat Casey lodged with Tim Brennan, who occupied a couple of rooms in a small house in a court off a passage in an alley which branched out of a lane in a back street. "Sure you're a gintleman, for you're as good as the pig that pays his rent," Tim used to say to him, and Mat would reply, "True for yez, an it's meself that's proud to be that same."

And then, if either happened to have a shilling about him, they would go to the Cobwebs inn and drink it. If in luck, they would perhaps have a fight or two in the course of the night. If things were depressed and people were low spiritedly peaceful, they would in most cases have a fight between themselves and then fraternally pump on each other's heads or repair their faces from the same stock of sticking plaster.

Mat was a traveling tinker, middle aged, jovial, ugly, a fine drinker, a good singer, and, as Tim said, "a divil of a poet." Tim was an odd job character—an auctioneer and a speculator in small lots. Mat was a widower. Tim had an extensive wife and a scattered family.

At the entrance to the court was a sort of half porch, half shed, with a big room behind and a small one above, where Widow Moloney lived and carried on her business, which consisted in the purchase and sale of anything from an old bedstead to a coverless dictionary and from a broken candlestick to an indistinct oil painting. Her husband had been an attendant at sales and a broker in a humble way.

After the inquest on him—now some 18 months ago—Mrs. Moloney continued the concern. She found it unnecessary to go to auctions, as Tim and others brought their purchases to her, and she had a tolerably ready means of buying and selling, not merely to add from her neighbors, but also, being well known, among the inhabitants generally in a small way.

She was about 40 and weighed 18 stone. A big shawl was always crossed over her opulent bosom and knotted behind. She had a bright eye, a ready tongue, a heavy fist and a strong head.

Mat was deeply enamored of this gentle lady. Of course Tim was in his confidence, and many an untruthful word in praise of Mat did he drop, as if by accident, in her hearing, and many an unvarnished account of his broken heartedness over her account did he sighingly narrate, with the addition of his own private opinion that Mat was dying or would kill himself for love of her. Tim was as loyal a friend as a sober though truthful knight of old.

"Tim," said Mat on the eve of Widow Moloney's birthday, "I want yez to give her this birthday card from me. It's a great red heart, with a skewer sticking in it. That ripsint's mine—the heart, I mane. The skewer?"

"It's an arrow, Mat—that's what they do be calling it."

"Well, Tim, an there's a good Irish sound about that same. They can't do without us anyway, you see."

"Sorra a bit, an you want me to be after giving her that?"

"Yez, I've improved it. I've made it stiff with red lead an put in a few drops, as if it was the blood of me heart that was flowing for her, an she's so scornful of me sufferings."

"It's illigant!" said Tim, with great admiration.

"An see here, now. I've written some verses to her to the tune of 'O'Shaughnessy's Hat.' Bedad, an they rowl as swately as a jig an as delud' as herring as the crayther."

He sang them over, and Tim got excited and promised his most devoted aid. Then they went to the Cobwebs and in due course were violently ejected, had a tussle with some strangers about something of which they had no particular notion or recollection, lost each other and finally got home somewhat, though separately.

Next morning they arose with unclouded and unaching brows, and Tim started on his mission. Mat waited at the Cobwebs for his return.

Tim sat down on a cold doorstep and reflected.

"Take her a dirty, painted, twopenny piece of paper with a red lead heart on it! Bedad an begorra an I won't! I'll do better than that, or my name's not Tim Brennan. Mat's a decent bhoyn an a divil of a poet, but widdies is practical. It takes the likes of me to understand the likes of them."

Within 10 minutes after this soliloquy he was seated in Mrs. Moloney's disordered and unventilated room.

"There it is, Mrs. Moloney, dear, an it must go to the heart of yez to rade the hidden m'aning," said he as he pointed to a large, healthy looking pig's fry on the table and a bottle of whisky which was standing beside it. He had suppressed the paper missive as poor, artificial and inexpressive, and out of his devoted friendship and slender purse had bought the "pluck" and the spirits which he presented in Mat's name.

"It's an emblem, honey," continued he. "Here's his heart, in a manner of sp'aking, at your fate—on your dish, I mane. The liver shows that he can't live without yez; the lights, that you're the light of his eyes, an that he longs for yez with every breath, an the flare, that there'll be all the fat in the fire an the very divil to pay if yez're unkind to him an refuse him. It's an emblem, my dear—a delicate poetical imblim, bedad!"

"It's beautiful!" said Mrs. Moloney, profoundly touched, as she uncorked the bottle and filled up two large port glasses. Then she added: "An I'll cook it. Tell him to come tonight an help ate it. An come you, too, Tim, and Mistriss Brennan."

So it was all understood. Tim had, like most of his countrymen, the feelings of a gentleman and the tact of a courtier. That was why he and his wife arrived designedly late, having sent a message that supper was not to wait.

Had they come sooner a slight incident might have been avoided, though possibly it all happened for the best.

For, leaving the tete-a-tete meal and the conversations to be imagined by the reader, the crumpled rose leaf arose in this way. Mat had lit his pipe and had asked the widow how she liked the card and the verses.

She laughed and replied that she didn't know about the verses, except those he had been talking for the last hour; but, as for the card, he ought to know, for he had eaten the half of it.

Upon this, Mat had jumped off his chair and exclaimed: "Then it's a dead man I am, an it's a wake I'll be after attending, an on it's a wedding! I thought there was a quare taste about that piece of frizzled fat."

"What does the creature be m'aning at all?" cried she in surprise.

"It's poisoned I am. That heart was all over red lead," said he, falling back into his seat.

"Poisoned, you black hearted villain!" screamed Mrs. Moloney. "Then take that!" and she broke a jug on his head.

It was at this point that the Brennans arrived. Tim promptly knocked Mat down, and then he naturally became curious to know what the ambiguity was about.

"He's poisoned me!" said she between a shriek and a sob.

Tim seized Mat and threw him on an incomplete but unmatched dinner service, part of Mrs. Moloney's stock, which stood in a corner on the floor.

The widow, hearing the crash, smashed a chair on Tim's back, whereupon Mrs. Brennan took her by the hair, and the two women fell into some miscellaneous lots in another corner. Then the neighbors came in and took indiscriminate sides, and matters generally hummed for a short time.

Eventually Tim got an inkling of the difficulty, told them to be quiet and narrated all the circumstances, to the great relief, joy and amusement of all the parties.

A painful of water and a yard or two of sticking plaster, with a few pins for the women, quickly set things smooth and smiling. Mrs. Moloney made them all welcome, and soon liberal supplies of whisky, porter and tobacco were furnished. Additional candles were lit, illuminating fitfully the front shop, whose contents seemed of the guests of the confused thoughts of the guests—tables stacked with their legs in the air, cane chairs hanging on the walls, blank gaseliers suspended from the ceiling, while a lighted lamp stood on the floor to prevent stumbling into the business portion of the establishment, and all went merrily. Mrs. Moloney for one brief ecstatic moment sat on Mat's knee, but they were severally picked up and revived, though the chair was pulverized, and Mat sang the "verses" which Tim had produced from his pocket along with the card.

Tim had applauded, wept and gone to sleep in the middle of the song, but the approval which greeted its conclusion, composed as it was of shouts, shrieks, knockings, tears and a free fight in the southeastern corner, effectually woke him.

Somehow after a confused interval of half drinking, recrimination and embracing the party found itself adjourned.

Mat and the widow are to be married so soon as the necessary formalities can be arranged.—Million.

Divorce.

The blue book on marriage and divorce is said to contain singular facts, which may be regarded, however, as touchstones of civilization. In Russia, for instance, people may not wed a fourth time nor after they are 80 years old. In France the wife whose husband objects seriously to her going on the stage makes herself liable to divorce persisting in her artistic desire. In Germany and Roumania "insuperable aversion" is enough. But in Portugal civilization touches the high water mark. There if a wife publishes literary works without the husband's consent the law frees him at once—Atlanta Constitution.

## FACTS ABOUT SODA WATER.

No Soda Is Used In Its Manufacture According to Present Methods.

Many years ago a Frenchman conceived the idea of manufacturing a carbonated water by mixing a solution of tartaric acid with carbonate of soda. The proportions used were 35 grains of acid and 40 grains of the soda dissolved in a wineglass of water. This was the original soda water.

The public knows in a general way that marble dust is sometimes used in making soda water, and the question is sometimes asked, "Isn't marble dust injurious to the system?" As a matter of fact, there is no marble dust, or, to use the technical term, carbonate of lime, in soda water. The past played by marble dust in the process of manufacturing soda water is simply to supply the carbonic acid gas with which the water is charged. The same gas generated in a different manner gives froth to beer, lightens bread and makes the bubbles in buckwheat cakes. This gas can be obtained from carbonate of soda, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of lime or from any other carbonate by treating it with an acid. Sulphuric acid is generally used. The powdered carbonate of lime or marble dust, as it is popularly called, was until quite recently used almost exclusively for this purpose because it is very cheap.

To understand how the two chemicals—sulphuric acid and carbonate of lime—act when brought together the reader may call to mind the mixing of a seidlitz powder. The tartaric acid in the white paper, when in solution, unites with the carbonate of soda in the blue paper. Effervescence at once takes place, carbonic acid gas being liberated and tartrate of soda being formed. Although nature furnishes an unlimited quantity of carbonates, almost any other acid, strange to say, will drive out the carbonic acid and usurp its place. This is seen in the mixing of a seidlitz powder.

Now, this is exactly what takes place in the manufacture of soda water, except that the gas, instead of being permitted to escape, is confined to the generator. The generator is simply an apparatus in which the acid and the carbonate can be mixed conveniently. From the generator the gas is conveyed to one of the portable steel foundations, the appearance of which is familiar to the public. The fountain is about three-quarters full of water. After a quantity of gas has entered the fountain it is well agitated. It is usual now to place it on a cradle or rocker, and either by hand or steam power to rock it for some time, generally about half an hour, in order to mix thoroughly the gas with the water. When this is done, the fountain is again connected with the generator, more acid is allowed to reach the carbonate, more gas is formed, and the same process is continued until the pressure on the fountain shows 150 pounds to the square inch. The fountain is then set aside, and another is put on in its place, and the process goes on until the supply of gas in the carbonate has all been extracted. The refuse is thrown away, and a fresh supply of carbonate is placed in the generator. The refuse is sulphate of lime. The sulphuric acid has united with the lime, and the carbonic acid gas has been liberated.

As has been said, marble dust has been used in preference to any other carbonate in the manufacture of soda water because it is the cheapest. Quite recently at least one firm in New York substituted carbonate of magnesia. This is a little more expensive. On the other hand, the decarbonized magnesia, instead of being thrown away like the sulphate of lime, can be utilized. It is pumped or drawn up to a higher apartment, where it is strained and tested. It is then placed in large evaporating pans and allowed to crystallize. The product is sulphate of magnesia, better known as epsom salts.

The soda water business is exceedingly lucrative. The cost of manufacture is from 1 to 2 cents per gallon, and the product is sold for 10 cents. Syrups cost from 20 to 30 cents a gallon and are sold from 45 to 75 cents. There are generally about 64 glasses to the gallon, and soda water is sold for 5 or 10 cents a glass. Other artificial mineral waters are sold for about 35 cents per gallon.—New York Sun.

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## THE SLANG OF LONDON

ITS RHYMING FEATURE, WHICH IS PECULIAR TO ENGLAND.

Say "Daisies" For Boots, and You Will Have Made a Good Start, but That Is Not All of It by Any Means—A Dissertation on an Unknown Science.

By way of introducing the subject let me premise that there is a certain school of thinkers—dwellers for the most part in very unfashionable districts of London—who hold that a policeman in plain clothes, dress he ever so plainly, may always be known as such by a cursory inspection of his boots. Whether this opinion is well founded I know not, but its existence, and also the existence of rhyming slang, was brought to my notice not long ago in Oxford street—not the Oxford street of west enders and De Quincey, but Oxford street "out Steppney way." I happened to be rather stoutly shod, and I wear spectacles, which are, I suppose, often assumed for the purpose of disguise, and as I passed by a group of ill favored loiterers at a street corner I distinctly heard one of them remark to another: "Ere's a tee. Dyer dick 'is goggles and 'is blanky daisies!"

I walked quickly away, but the words remained in my mind. The opinion they conveyed, except as affording proof that the speaker belonged to the school of thinkers above alluded to, did not interest me so much as the words themselves. "Tee" is of course merely an abbreviation for "detective." Much might be written about "dick." It is pure Roman, connected, as every student of that attractive language knows, with the Sanskrit "drik" and the Hindoostanee "dekho," meaning "to see." But "daisies"—being the slang term for "boots"—is a good specimen of a most singular perversion of the English language, which is well worth the attention of any one who cares about linguistic oddities.

Rhyming slang is peculiar to England and, I believe, to London. The French language, so rich in slang, does not admit of such treatment. It is of modern origin, and I doubt if any trace of it is to be found in the records, which are fairly plentiful, of the slang of last century. Nor do I recollect any instance of its appearance in the works of Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth or Bulwer Lytton.

Rhyming slang expressions may be divided into two classes—the simple and the complex. The simple method consists in substituting for a word some other word or phrase which rhymes with it. Not that every one is free to choose his own rhymes. Usage has established certain rhyming slang equivalents for certain words, and, although no doubt new rhymes are always being introduced on trial, yet when one has become recognized as belonging to the dialect it can never be dislodged. For instance, the rhyming slang for "a pocket" is "skyrrocket," and neither "loocket" nor "socket" would be tolerated. The eyes are "mince pies," the ear and the nose are, oddly enough, the "frosty and clear" and the "Isuppose." How, when and why these particular rhymes were universally adopted will never be known. As Professor Dowden remarks in connection with a very different subject, "To the eyes of no diver amidst the wrecks of time will that curious talisman gleam." Who was "Charlie Prescott," whose name is immortalized as a synonym for "waistcoat"? And why should coat and trousers be concealed under such circumstances as "I'm afloat" and "round the 'ouses?"

Other examples of what I have called the simple form of rhyming slang are "cat and mouse" (house), "elephant's trunk" (drunk), "bull and cow" (row), and "I'm so frisky" (whisky). But if I am asked how "daisies" can be the rhyming slang for "boots" I answer that we have here an example of the second or complex form of the jargon, which finds its highest development in the mouths of experts. Having got your rhyme—say, "skyrrocket" for "pocket"—you are permitted, within certain ill-defined limits, to make your slang equivalent shorter and more occult by omitting the rhyming portion. Thus "pocket" becomes "sky" and "daisy roots," the simple or first standard form for "boots," is contracted into "daisies." In the same way no master of the language would ever give brandy or gin their primitive names, "Jack the dandy" or "Brian O'Lynn." The one is always referred to as "Jack," the other as "Brian." It will be seen that words treated in this way must have a tendency, in constant use, to lose sight, as it were, of their original forms and to become merged in the great mass of ordinary prosaic slang. For instance, in act I, scene I, of "The Cotton King" some one says that somebody has "a streak of black across the chivvy." An Adelphi audience knows, of course, that "chivvy" means "face," but the earlier form of the word, "chevy chase," being now rarely if ever used, the rhyming original is probably known to few playgoers, and the word "chivvy" is thus in danger of being left with no more poetry about it than is attached to such terms as "coak" or "boko," the ordinary slang for nose.

We hear a great deal about the way in which slang has invaded our conversation and our literature; but, in spite of the recent popularization of the coater, I doubt if much rhyming slang is heard in west end drawing rooms. And I have only come across one example of its employment, except occasionally in a music hall song, in what might be called a literary form. There is a poem which begins thus, and readers who have followed me so far will find no difficulty in translating it:

I was sitting one night at the Anna Maria, Warming my plates of meat,  
When there came a knock at the Rory O'Moore  
Which made my raspberry beat.

This opening makes one wish for more, but I am sorry to say that I can only recollect the first stanza.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

## IN MISCHIEF.

His lily limbs all limp and lax,  
His rosy face as white as wax,  
Love lay just by the river's brim,  
The minnows were so scared at him,  
Till they sweetly came that way,  
Kissed him and cried, "Alack a day!"  
Then he sat upright on the moss, "Uml  
But it's fun—this playing possum."  
—Kate Field's Washington.

## A NEVADA JOKE.

How a Wag Played It on an Innocent Visiting Sportsman.

Nothing can be more interesting in an ordinary way than the fate of practical jokers. Shooters and sportsmen generally will appreciate the latest from Eureka, Nev. Bent on landing game, a visitor held forth in his hotel with regard to his ability to bring quail to earth. Among the audience was a wag, who, being a sportsman himself, was desirous of testing the foreigner's ability as a shot.

"We do not shoot quail," said he, "we bag them, and if you want to go out you may do so tonight and see better fun than any gun can furnish."

Accordingly the soi-disant gamester journeyed out from a small hotel in Nevada to see the extraordinary plan by which quail could be "bagged" at night. The party walked two miles into the hills and arranged a trap by laying down 30 pieces of candle in V shape. "Into this," they explained, "we drive the quail, and one of us holds a sack at the end of the V, into which the quail run." By a previous arrangement an argument was commenced as to who should have the honor of holding the sack and securing the birds while the remainder did the hard work of beating them toward the trap.

When the point was apparently settled, one of the party said: "No, this is not fair. Mr. de— is our guest, and as such is entitled to hold the sack." Generously enough, to the boasting sportsman was given the honor of holding a bag bound at the mouth to a hoop so as to catch the birds. All the others left to beat up quail. For three hours the visitor faithfully held that sack, and when the last candle burned out he found himself in the midst of a lonely valley, which was full of deserted shafts and other dangerous holes, two miles from any house and surrounded by a darkness which resembles a stack of black cats. When he arrived at this hotel and found that his companions had been there enjoying the joke for hours, he simply went to bed and wept. He sold his gun next morning and left for California—a state where, he says, "people would not do such a thing."—*San Francisco Call.*

## Dress of Montenegrin Women.

The dress of the women throughout Montenegro varies but slightly, and as no distinction of rank exists the only difference between the garments of the rich and the poorer classes consists in the superior fineness of the materials used, or in the quantity or quality of the ornaments. Their dress is simply a long flowing white camisia, girdled by a black sash. Black and white are the national colors of the Montenegrins. Some of the women wear a heavy leather girdle set with three or four rows of large carnelian stones, some times fastened in front by a massive antique silver clasp. A simple piece of black cloth is an addition worn on the head by the older matrons. Montenegro is everywhere mountains. As a precaution against invasion there are no roads, and carts are unknown. The goods of the country are carried to Cattaro by the women, aided occasionally by mules. They are knit together in clans and families and have many feuds among themselves. The men are armed even when engaged in agricultural operations.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

## Failures.

"Do not for one instant forget," said a prominent artist, addressing his pupils, "that so called failures are only milestones on the road to success. With each one passed there is just so much of the weary, inevitable journey behind you, and you are just so much nearer the goal." A comfortable theory which it would be well if we were philosophical enough to apply to all our undertakings. If young people, too, could only be taught to count their honest failures as so many premiums paid to experience, how much discouragement would be saved and how many ultimate triumphs won! Parents and teachers do not half appreciate the value of a failure, which with tact and kindness is turned to good account, and which in the end may be far more beneficial than a success. Children should early be trained to consider them not in the light of discouragements, but as the best incentives possible.—*New York Tribune.*

## Curative Cold Bath.

People who have nervous prostration, headaches, the blues or dyspepsia, who take cold easily, who are subject to irritability, who lead sedentary lives, who need their wits about them all the time, and who are not making the progress they desire, should get addicted to the cold bath habit. It is not only cleansing, but curative, stimulating, encouraging and invigorating. It is brain brightening, nerve soothing, blood quickening and the best treatment ever taken for the complexion, digestion and disposition.—*New York World.*

## Kid Killings.

Herod's slaughter of the innocents was not a circumstance to the kid sacrifice offered yearly for the hand of fair woman. In round numbers 9,600,000 kids and lambs are slaughtered to supply the necessary stock for one famous French manufacturer. One skin in good condition yields three gloves, but the average is about 1½, or a pair and a pair of thumbs.—*New York News.*

The Bible contains 8,586,489 letters, 773,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 "books."

Muskegon, Mich., is one of the world's chief centers for the manufacture of toys.

## A NEW CHURCH FAD.

The People of a New York Village Raise Money by Novel Methods.

A new religious fad has been taken up by the church people here. The people of the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal churches are engaged in a wild scramble for money to swell the treasuries of their respective societies, and the fad is to secure this money by practicing unusual occupations, economizing in personal and household expenditures and begging.

Experience meetings are held, and as each person makes his or her contribution they explain how they got the money. An experience meeting was held in the Methodist Episcopal church Friday night. Ten cents admission was charged, and there was a large number of persons present. Music was furnished by a volunteer orchestra, composed of members of the Epworth league, under whose auspices the meeting was held. Howard Wilcox presided.

Dr. C. H. Ganse said that he saved a dollar for the church by not giving his wife bananas, of which she was very fond. Mrs. Harry Maynard charged a man 50 cents for lodging, supper and breakfast and made the rest of the dollar by painting. J. W. Feeter saved a dollar by depriving his wife of popcorn at Ocean Grove. Mrs. Vernon Anderson made dresses for her mother. Mrs. J. W. Feeter washed wagons. Miss Mollie Elmore made a dollar by brushing the clothes of guests at her house. Howard Wilcox saved 60 cents by shaving himself six times.

The economies and employments of Mrs. C. H. Ganse were put in verse by Miss Belle Brinkerhoff and sung by her class. She made a carriage cover for her husband, also a necktie, and he paid her 50 cents for killing two flies. Miss Maggie Elting made her money by writing letters, blacking shoes and doing housework. Miss Maggie Oakley made and sold jelly. Miss Belle Brinkerhoff told fortunes. Miss Grace Adams cleaned her brother's bicycle and copied insurance policies. Miss Susie Gend made and sold pin cushions. Miss Carrie Freer sold peanuts. Miss Tona Reynolds made napkins and sold them to Mr. Fent. Florence Clearwater sold grapes. Misses Alice and Helen Palmer told in song how they churned and sold butter and spring chickens, shaved, cut hair, did housework and worked outdoors—all for the church. Miss Nettie Bruyn read a practical effusion, relating how she mended gloves and sold old music.

The meeting closed with the report of A. D. Dent, who made his contribution by paying 10 cents for services worth 5 cents. If the new fad does not die out soon, the whole village will be bankrupt.—*Highland (N. Y.) Telegram.*

## LOOK OUT FOR THE YELLOW DRAGON.

Danger Thought to Lurk in The Possibility of China Learning How to Fight.

China has about 400,000,000 of people. They know nothing of war. Educate them in the art, and they will reach out for the world. Speaking of a good authority on this subject, the Spokane Chronicle says:

"John Brisbane Walker, editor of The Cosmopolitan, who for a time served in the Chinese army, holds that the powers of the world should try to stop the war between China and Japan. He argues that if this war lasts long enough to convince China that she must modernize her military system it will not be long before the yellow dragon will be the most formidable battle ensign on the earth. All of which coincides with the remark of Napoleon that it would be an evil day when the Chinese learned the art of war."

## Child Butchery in Italy.

The following authentic news comes from Italy: A short time ago the musician Carmelo of Catania cruelly butchered not less than 24 children to saturate the ground with their blood, thereby to discover hidden treasure. The fiend was hunted down, but became violently insane and died in a lunatic asylum. The horrible occurrence has just been repeated. During the last few days 20 children had been kidnapped out of the town of Cicali and Santa Sofia and were later on found dead, the bodies having been cut open, in the woods near by. At the same time the parents of the victims received anonymous letters asking them not to take the matter to heart, as by means of the blood of the children a vast treasure would be found, out of which they were to be amply indemnified. So far the perpetrator or perpetrators of the horrible deed remain undiscovered.

## A Sarcastic Minister.

The new communion system was the subject of a few remarks from the Rev. Robert J. Burdette, who preached Sunday morning at the Temple at Broad and Berks streets. He evidently disapproved of it, for he said that church members whose minds were full of microbes and germs were not in touch with the service.

"After the individual chadices have been in use for a time," said Mr. Burdette, "somebody will ask for a napkin, and some angular man with long legs and a poor lap will want a little table, and ultimately the deacons may be compelled to wear little nickel badges, as other waiters do."—*Philadelphia Record.*

## Shocking Until Explained.

An amusing little paragraph is going the rounds regarding a gentleman who recently received an invitation to dinner at Marlborough House. He did not know what costume he ought to appear in, so he sent a note on the sly to the private secretary. Sir Francis Knollys replied that "as no ladies are to be present trousers may be worn." At first sight this seems embarrassing if not positively shocking. The simple explanation of this dubious message, however, is that, as a rule, knee breeches are worn with evening dress at Marlborough House.—*London Quiver.*

## A MOTHER'S HEART.

Within her heart she keeps a place  
Wherein is chiselled his pure face  
As first she knew it long ago,  
When life and soul were white as snow.

Unmindful what the world doth say,  
Alone she goes her weary way,  
And he whose path is rough and wild  
Still is to her pure as a child.  
—Minneapolis Housekeeper.

## RACE TO DEATH.

There is never any lack of beauty in Dublin ballrooms, and that year I cannot help thinking that there was more than the usual proportion of attraction. But of all the girls who compelled devotion there was nobody quite so charming as Mary Macartney. When she was presented at the castle, the lord lieutenant administered his official kiss with peculiarunction and was afterward heard to say that if his duties were always as pleasant he could bear a very frequent repetition of them. The vice regal opinion was very cordially re-echoed by everybody, and wherever Mary went her progress was a scene of triumph. The Two Hundredth was devoted to her to a man. One dance in an evening was a thing to be proud of, and if she deigned to give any fortunate man two he was at once placed upon a pinnacle of social superiority.

Finch and Seymour were her most devoted admirers and had it all their own way in her preference. I won't say affections, for I believe she could only have looked upon them as two editions of the same man, and they were so loyal to each other that they appeared to have the one special tendresse in common with their other properties.

The Two Hundredth was about to have its great function of the year—its regimental steeplechase. All the best of the animals that had gone through the hunting campaign were entered for the various events, and the mess table talk, which for months had run upon scent, find, finish and the casualties of the chase, turned to handicapping, weights and racing conditions.

Finch and Seymour now, as on other occasions, took a foremost place. Each of them owned horses rather above the average in quality, and each had one entered for the regimental cup. As I said before, both of them were good performers in the pigskin, and it was more than probable that if they started Captain Seymour's Mousetrap (did I tell you that Seymour had just got his troop while Finch was senior subaltern?) and Mr. Finch's Sorcerer would start as equal favorites. The two friends did all their training and galloping together, and I believe that, though each intended to ride his horse out and do his best, they did not much care how they would be placed at the finish, so long as one was first and the other second.

Of course we expected all our friends to come to our race meeting and made plentiful provision for their entertainment. Given the officers of a cavalry regiment bent on making holiday; add tents, luncheon, band and a fine spring day, and you form a series of attractions which will collect people from far and near, especially in Ireland. When the day of the meeting came, it was all that could be wished. There was a bright sun and a soft wind, and there had been just a sufficient sprinkling of rain overnight to lay the dust and make the drive to the course delightful, while the few light clouds in the horizon were not discouraging enough to prevent our fair friends from putting on their freshest and prettiest toilets. Coach after coach rattled over Carlisle bridge, each with a full load and each with a bit of muslin on the box; brakes, carriages and cars innumerable, the jayvies doing honor to the occasions by volleys of chaff, and many adornments on their light hearted selves and their apparently equally gay and light hearted, well bred nags. The race course was about eight miles from the city in the Howth direction, and if the day were to have no other pleasure the drive down, with occasional glimpses of the beautiful bay of Dublin, celebrated in song, was enough of enjoyment for any one.

We arrived at the scene of action, and the business of the day commenced. The subalterns' cup was the first event, and I must say, the boys did credit to the old Two Hundredth. The senior subalterns were lying by for the regimental cup, and the juniors had the race to themselves. It was won by young Molesworth, whose round shoulders and unconquerably ugly seat had caused much conflict of opinion between him and the old riding master, but who now showed that if he were not destined to shine in the menage he had at any rate indisputable nerve and enough seat and hands to take him over a difficult country.

He afterward became one of our best men on a horse and won equestrian honors in many ticklish places. Then came an hour's interval for lunch, but of course those who were going to ride had to put the muzzle on. I just looked into the tent before going to weigh and saw Mary Macartney, looking as sweet as ever. Seymour and Finch were both good luck in their gallop. As they left her safely in the colonel's charge I heard her say: "Now, mind, I expect you two to beat everybody else, and I shall be particularly nice to the one who wins. I may even give him two dances at the castle ball tomorrow night."

The Two Hundredth were pretty businesslike in matters of sport, and there was none of the fuss and delay in the weighing room that too often marries the doings of amateur jockeys. Punctual to time, the starters fled out of the paddock. I think there were eight of us. Seymour's colors were rose and black cap and Finch's blue and red sash. Mousetrap and Sorcerer were a long way the best of the runners to look at. Mousetrap was a big, bony bay horse, with rather a slack neck, but his best of shoulders, tremendous jumping power and a great turn of speed. He required a workman to ride him, as his temper

was easily ruffled, but in Seymour's hands he generally went like a lamb.

Sorcerer was one of those exceptional horses that can take a turn at anything. He had gone through training in the riding school, and on occasions was the best of chargers. He was so good looking that when he had a military kit on there was no horse in the regiment that looked more showy than he did, but the white hairs on his chestnut coat and the silvery locks in his tail showed the blood of old Warlock, and he had a large share of the pace, cleverness and staying power that marked his great ancestor. As we rode down the course I could hear the few bookies who were present in the ring reckoning up the chances of the field in stentorian cries of "5 to 1, bar two." I was riding a confidential old hunter which was warranted to stand up over the country, but I had only entered him to make up the race, and unless most of the others came to grief I had not the smallest chance to be heard of at the finish. There is not much difficulty in starting a steeplechase, and we all got away very well. We negotiated the first three or four fences without any casualties, but then we began to thin out a little. Fortescue's hard mouthed old jade went outside the flag at the first turn, and he did not manage to stop her till she had gone half a mile toward Dublin. Wilson and Mackworth fell at the water jump, to the un concealed satisfaction of the crowd which had collected there, and there were only five of us left. Jacky Thompson was leading. Seymour and Finch were riding side by side, evidently intending to wait till we were nearer home and then come to the front and finish together. About a length behind them was Percy, and I brought up the rear. There was a long stretch of grass rather down hill on the farther side of the course from the stand, and here we began to put on the pace. Percy evidently thought it was now or never, and that if he allowed himself to get too far behind he would not be able to push forward again, so he made a determined effort and shot past Seymour and Finch. I think old Mousetrap's temper must have been upset by seeing a horse passing so close. I saw him shake his head and try to get away from Seymour.

The next fence was a bank, with a ditch on the taking off side. It was nothing of a place really, but only required a little care. Thompson got over cleverly, and Percy's horse took the whole in his stride. Then came Seymour, who had hardly steadied Mousetrap, but even so the horse ought not to have made a mistake. Perhaps he was hurried, or there may have been a stump sticking up where a bush had been cut away. I don't know how it happened, but the horse hit something, lost his feet and fell on the bank. Seymour was all right and got clear at once, slipping back into the ditch. I told you Finch had been alongside of Seymour, and he was close behind him at the fence. Sorcerer jumped it beautifully; but, to my horror, as he was kicking back at the bank I saw the hoof on his off hind foot strike the head of Seymour, who fell down. Even amid the rattle of the horses it seemed to me that I could hear the dull crash of broken bone, and I was sure that a terrible accident had happened. So sure was I that, though one does not cater pull up in a race, I stopped my horse, which indeed had not now the smallest chance, dismounted and ran to pick up Seymour. Poor fellow! I had not been mistaken and could almost trace the print of the cruel horse shoe on the back of his head. He was nearly senseless and just muttered "Cold, cold." A small crowd had begun to collect, and I borrowed a couple of frieze coats from two sympathizing countrymen, trying with them to cover my poor friend, and laid him in as easy a position as possible. The race glasses at the stand had seen that something serious had happened, and our good old surgeon, Macpherson, came up on a trooper which he had taken from one of our men who was keeping the ground.

When he had examined the injury, his kind face fell as he said: "I fear the base of the skull is fractured. If so, it is only a question of hours." Fortunately the accident had happened near the road, and a carriage was quickly procured, in which Seymour was placed and taken away by Macpherson.

When I came back to the stand, I found that Finch had won the race easily and was still quite unconscious that his friend was hurt. I did not tell him the particulars, but only said that it had been thought better to take Seymour back to Dublin. He pulled a wrapper over his racing jacket, jumped on a hack and started at a gallop in pursuit. Immediately afterward I met Mary Macartney. She had a very white face and tears in her deep violet eyes as she besought me to tell her if the accident had been dangerous. I made the best of things, but she, I think, divined the sad truth and made her mother take her home. There was a heavy cloud over everybody for the rest of the day, and though we got through all the races on the card there was little spirit in anything, and we were glad when we were able to break up. There was little chaff or fun on the drive home.

We had a miserable time of alternate hopes and fears about our comrade, but in three days all was over. Finch was inconsolable, though fortunately neither he nor any one else at the time knew that he had been the cause of Seymour's death. It was always supposed that Mousetrap had kicked his master in his struggles to recover himself when he fell. I have never told the real story till tonight, and you will not let it go further. Sir Thomas Finch is a great swell now, but I don't think he would learn without deep pain that, however innocently, he was the cause of the death vacancy by which he got the troop that gave him the first start in his successful career.

What became of Mary Macartney? Oh, she is Lady Finch, and, 'pon my soul, I think she is still as beautiful and charming as ever.—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

## A STRANGE CASE.

Death of a Young Lady After a Wonderful Mediumistic Performance.

The widest interest has been excited in Europe by the story of the death of a young lady, a member of a prominent family of this city, while under hypnotic influence in the hands of Neukomm, the well known hypnotist. She suffered much for several months from nervous headaches. Nothing could cure her but Neukomm putting her into a trance. The last affair was before a numerous audience. The first accounts of the affair were incorrect, but the later version, given by Dr. von Bragassy, who was present throughout, is almost incredible.

The experiment, it seems, has been one of spiritualistic trance rather than hypnotism. Dr. Bragassy says: "It was with the concurrence of her parents and the medium herself that the hypnotizer Neukomm selected as the object of the experiment the condition of his brother residing in Werchez, concerning which the opinion of physicians vary. In about 12 minutes the medium exclaimed, 'I am fast asleep.' The young lady gave signs of great excitement, which, according to her parents, had not been observed during previous experiments. Neukomm requested the medium to go and see his brother at Werchez and say what was the nature of his illness and what cure should be adopted."

"What followed was really incredible. The medium began a scientific description of the invalid's lungs, giving a minute account of their diseased condition, with technical particulars which even an ordinary doctor could not give, and which might only be expected from an experienced specialist. With full command and correct use of technical expressions, she gave the closest details, extending to a full diagnosis of inflammation of the lungs, and declared the prognosis very unfavorable, as against that kind of disease medical skill is powerless. In conclusion she described the end of the patient in the usual Latin terminology, and immediately afterward she fell back senseless, uttering a piercing shriek."

"I at once had recourse to every conceivable means of restoring consciousness, but all in vain. Within eight minutes her pulse began to fail, and death shortly followed."

"According to the post mortem, the immediate cause of death was concussion of the brain."—*Vienna Letter.*

## WANT WILLIAM'S WEALTH.

Two Italian Counts Who Claim to Be the Head of the House of Guelph.

A Berlin correspondent says that the German emperor has been cited to appear before the civil tribunal in Florence in virtue of article 142 of the civil code procedure of the kingdom of Italy, there to answer the complaint of Counts Giovanni and Raffaele Guelph. These gentlemen claim to be the male heads of the royal German house of Guelph and heirs to property valued at many millions. They have not yet entered into particulars concerning their claim, and it is doubtful if the case will ever get beyond the present preliminary stage.

The counts profess to be very magnanimous in not claiming the Guelphic crown, which, they say, is clearly theirs. They will be content if Kaiser Wilhelm will disgorge the millions of which he is unjustly in possession, and they hint that they might be induced to listen to a compromise if the terms were sufficiently tempting.

This is not surprising, for these counts are, to put it mildly, in financial low water just now, and the richest man of the family, Count Guelpho, will not help them in their suit against the emperor. Count Guelpho is gaining an honest, if a plebeian, living as manager of a skating rink, and he declines to risk any part of his modest income in what he considers a fool's chase after a phantom fortune.

## The Great Water Wheels at Niagara.

The water wheels are not all of the same size. Those employed in the transmission of power to the machinery of the paper mill were, when they were put in, the largest ever made. They were capable of generating as much as 1,000 horsepower each. But they are mere pygmies in comparison with those which are to supply power to the great dynamos. Each of these has been built with the purpose of developing as much as 5,000 horsepower, which is about the power required to drive an ordinary ocean steamship from 12 to 14 knots an hour. There are to be three of these mammoth turbines, and their hand-mills, the dynamos, are sympathetically colossal in their capacity to generate electricity.—*McClure's Magazine.*

## The Hamiltons.

Women have had a strange influence in the affairs of the Hamilton family. Old Alexander got in numerous scrapes on account of the fair sex, and poor Robert Ray Hamilton was driven to a tragic death by his association with a scheming woman. Now Schuyler Hamilton, a brother of Robert Ray and a big swell at Newport, is being sued for divorce.—*New York News.*

## Having Their Own Coffers Made.

Twins named McLean from Harnett county, N. C., 86 years old, visited Raleigh on Wednesday on a queer mission. This was to buy copper of which to have their coffins made. They are now in fine health and are the oldest twins in North Carolina. They were quaintly dressed, one having on a richly embroidered vest he has worn for 42 years.—*Baltimore Sun.*

## Cheap Traveling.

The state railroads of Belgium, on which the cheapest fares in Europe are offered, have granted a new concession to travelers. They sell a third class ticket, good for any railroad in the country for two weeks, for \$5 and a first class ticket for \$10.—*London Cor. New York Sun.*



## OF REMEMBRANCE.

I do remember every note  
And each sweet letter that she wrote  
From where, after the palm blest sales  
Are lovelier for her splendid smiles.  
I do remember even the flower  
She sent me in a lonely hour.

And sometimes, when my lonely soul  
Heareth in dark God's thunders roll,  
I wonder—her sweet worshiper—  
If God's dark storms break over her.  
And if they do I know my breast  
Would bear them all to give her rest.

But, no; the fragrant orange blossoms  
Waft through her life their sweet perfume;  
And the tall ships, with wind blown sails,  
Bring to her songs of nightingales.  
Yet, do they still, where'er they be,  
Sing to her one last song of me!

—Exchange.

## THE WHITE HORSE.

"This canyon ought to have a history, Pablo," I said to the guide as, supper finished, I leaned back on my blankets and dreamily gazed at the scene before us.

It was a summer night—a night in the southwest, where nights are perfect. The moon was at the full, and not a cloud was in the sky to obscure her radiance or the light of the myriad stars which bore her company. The air was cool and bracing, yet balmy, and there was just enough breeze to lull one's spirits and cause him to forget the world and indulge in fanciful reveries such as only southern breezes inspire.

We had pitched our camp on one of the sloping hills on the south side of the canyon, where a little stream of clear, sweet water rippled from a spring in a ravine down into the canyon below. Above us was the sighing, odoriferous forest of juniper and pinon. Below was a little stretch of velvety grass extending clear to the floor of the canyon on both sides of the little stream. Right and left stretched the canyon itself, its walls, precipitous for the most part, rising grandly hundreds of feet high on each side.

"It is beautiful, Pablo," I continued. "It must have a history of some kind or a story—no?"

"Si, senor, that it has—aye, that it has," answered the Mexican, lighting a fresh cigarette and puffing at it reflectively a moment. "Would the senor hear it?"

"By all means, Pablo. Go ahead."

And here is Pablo's story as nearly as I can translate it, for he spoke in Spanish:

"Does the senor see the cliff on the other side, how high it is? That is the cliff of the White Horse. It is many hundred feet high and straight up and down. And at the top when the moon is a little higher the senor will see the white horse. It is a great white rock on the edge of the cliff, and by clear moonlight it looks like a white horse. It has not always been there, and now, they say, on the anniversaries of a certain day the ghost of old Don Fernando comes and rides it along the edge of the canyon."

"Don Fernando? Oh, aye. May the blessed saints have mercy upon him!" ejaculated Pablo, crossing himself.

"Many years ago Don Fernando Cortez—he was a grandson or something of the great Cortez—lived over above beyond the canyon several miles. Don Fernando was rich and lived in a grand house and had many servants and slaves. He was a great entertainer, and many people used to come to his grand dinners and balls."

"He was not a good man. No. He was a cruel master and hard with all his people and made them all hate him. He was kind to only two living creatures. One of these was his beautiful daughter, the Lady Isabel; the other was his great white stallion, the largest and finest horse in all the country. These two the old don loved as his two eyes, and well he might. Yes, the Lady Isabel was not only beautiful, but she was kind and good, and all the people loved her as much as they hated the don, which was a great deal. She had golden hair and eyes like the sky, and it is said the birds listened when she sang. And the horse—aye, he was wonderful. He was as big as three ordinary horses, and his tread shook the ground. He had a long, white mane and eyes that flashed fire and was almost as much feared as the old don, who alone dared go near him."

"The Lady Isabel had many suitors. The wealthiest and most aristocratic men in all the country came to sue for her hand, many of them from faroff California, and some, it is said, came even from Spain. But the Lady Isabel would have none of them. She loved her pony and her dogs and birds and her people, but a man, no. One after another came, but she turned them all away. So after a few years the old don became tired of what he called her foolishness and swore she should marry, and at once, a man whom he had selected for her."

"This grieved the Lady Isabel very much, for not only did she not love any of those who had offered themselves to her, but her heart was already given—given to one of her father's peons, a young man named Jose, whom she had helped to nurse through a terrible illness. Him she used to meet by stealth nearly every night unknown to any but themselves. But one night when the Lady Isabel's wedding day was near at hand she and her lover were seen together, and the story came to the ears of the old don."

"He started to find them, swearing to kill them both, but they had been warned and had taken two of the fleetest horses in the stables and fled. With mad haste the don saddled his white stallion and pursued them. They had taken their way over the hills blindly, but some instinct led the don to follow the direction they had taken, and in a short time he had them in sight riding over the plateau beyond the canyon there."

"When the lovers saw they were pursued, they put their horses to their highest speed, hoping to escape, but soon they found it was too late, and as the old don, with terrible curses, pressed them closely they leaped to the ground, ran to the edge of the cliff, and clasped in each other's arms sprang into eternity together."

"And the don? For days he raved like a madman and seemed to know no one. Then he became quieter, and they thought he would be himself again. But one moonlight night they missed him, and several set out to seek him. He was riding up and down the edge of the cliff yonder, raving and blaspheming terribly, and none of those who had come to find him dared approach. For hours he raved. Then, just as the moon came from behind a cloud, they saw him ride back from the cliff a little distance. Then he wheeled sharply and shouting, 'Now, my friend, both together!' he rode full speed at the precipice. But at the edge the white stallion halted suddenly, and the don went over alone. In midair he shook his fist and hurled a curse at the friend who had deserted him at the last minute, and then and there the great white stallion turned to stone. There he stands, senor—you can see him plainly now—still looking over the precipice. It is from him that the cliff and the canyon get their name."

"And it is said by the superstitious, senor," continued Pablo, drawing closer to the fire and shuddering slightly "that on the anniversary of old Don Fernando's death and on Lady Isabel's saint's day the ghosts of Lady Isabel and Jose ride forth on the plateau, and that of the old don pursues them riding the white stallion, which leaves its station at such times. And—oh, senor, for the love of God, look!"

Startled, I looked quickly across the canyon. The rock which appeared so very little like a white horse seemed to vanish as though in mist. Then there was a series of blood curdling shrieks and curses, and flying along the edge of the cliff rode three persons on horseback, and one, behind the others, rode a great white horse."

It was only a moment, and then the drunken cowboys passed out of sight, and the tiny flock of vipers which had for those few seconds reeked moved on, leaving the rock standing out in the clear light, just as before. Still shivering with the sudden fright I had had, I turned to Pablo. He had fallen in a fit and was lying rigid, with flecks of foam on his lips. I brought him round soon, and he sat up, his eyes staring wildly.

"Well, Pablo," I said in as steady a voice as I could command, "you must have had a dream. You've been plunging around and yelling for a full five minutes."

"What, senor, I? A dream? Then it was not!"

"I think it was the bread, Pablo. You ate a big supper, and that hot sour bread would kill an Indian."

Pablo concluded not to run away, as he might have done if I hadn't been able to convince him it was only a dream.—R. L. Ketchum in Romance.

Possibilities of the Indian. The Indian has within him the capabilities upon which to base a better manhood and citizenship despite the barbarous instincts attributed to him. With no incentive to work and with encouragement to vice and idleness on every hand there are today upon the reservations many excellent and worthy Indian men and women. Though stolid and sphinxlike in demeanor, the Indian has the feelings and affections common to human beings.

With no educational advantages they are men of remarkable sense, often approaching a high order of ability. The old chief of the Sioux nation, Spotted Tail, was a striking figure, whether taken physically or intellectually. The late Mrs. Elizabeth Winans, a Sioux woman, during a life of Christian service for her people was actuated by a purpose as pure and noble as that shown by any philanthropist of the country.

Among the Indians are fine natural orators and statesmen equalled by few educated white men. Under education they have shown themselves quick and ready learners, competing easily with white pupils of the same age. I have observed them at their studies and am convinced that they are as capable as white children of grasping the ordinary branches taught in the common schools. It has been my pleasure to hear addresses from full blooded Indian college students which would do credit to undergraduates of Yale or Harvard.—Senator Kyle in North American Review.

He Worked the Boss. A little man with a bald head and an inoffensive blue eye drifted into a Main street saloon and threw a half dollar on the bar.

"Gimme a schooner of beer," he said. The schooner was given him. Just as he was about to drink it a big man came in and said: "Hello, Shorty. Who's buying?"

"I am," replied Shorty, with dignity. "You," scoffed the big man. "Why, you never had a cent in your life. Your wife gets your wages."

"That's all right," said Shorty. "Mebbe she does, but I've got money today."

"How'd you get it?"

"Well," replied Shorty, "I don't know as I mind tellin. I had a couple of bad teeth, an she gimme enough to get 'em pulled."

"Didn't you get 'em pulled?"

"Sure, but I worked her for 50 cents for gas, an this is the 50. See?"—Buffalo Express.

A Large Bakery. Brooklyn can boast of having the largest bread bakery in the world. Seventy thousand loaves are daily turned out, requiring 300 barrels of flour. Three hundred and fifty persons are employed in the bakery, and for delivering the bread in New York and adjacent places over 100 wagons, constructed for the purpose, are in constant use.—New York News.

## ENDED IN SMOKE.

How Love's Young Dream Was Broken by Letting the Wrong Man Into a Secret.

At a supper party in Bohemia the other night a funny thing happened. A beautiful maid came, attended by her latest and most devoted cavalier. Now, this beautiful maid is much addicted to that habit which is said to make us think like philosophers—the use of tobacco in its daintiest form, the cigarette. The cavalier is one of those illiberal and uncomfortable young men who hold that all the vices and most of the enjoyments of life are the monopoly of his own sex, and he is particularly bitter in his criticism of women who smoke.

The maid had carefully concealed from him the fact that her ruby lips had ever held a cigarette, but on the occasion of this supper party her desire overcame her discretion, and she arranged with her hostess and various confidants that when the cigarettes were passed they should all urge her to "just try one" to please them. The secret had been confided to the mamma of the girl hostess, but unfortunately the name of the man who as to be thus hoodwinked had not been mentioned. The cavalier in question was seated at the right of the mamma, and that dear lady, finding him a bit difficult in conversation, thought to make it pleasant for him by telling him the whole story, which she did with little ripples of laughter, adding, "Of course you know the maid is an inveterate smoker."

Meanwhile at the other end of the table the cigarettes were being lighted, and the beautiful maid was protesting that really she "didn't dare," "it would make her sick," etc., and finally, with a conciliatory glance toward the swain, yielding and lighting a Neston, while a light of ineffable satisfaction came into her lovely eyes. The youth became even more difficult to entertain after this, and what happened on the way home no man knoweth, but now they meet as strangers, and so, alas and alack, another of love's young dreams has ended in smoke!—New York Recorder.

## ROMANCE OF TWO STATES.

Reunion of a Couple After Thirty Years' Separation.

A story which began over 30 years ago, and which dates back to the late war, has just had a strange sequel in two states—Kentucky and Texas.

When the war opened, Dr. W. H. Richardson of Kentucky left Blandville, in that state, and went to Texas, where he married.

Soon after the wedding he left his bride to join the Confederate army. In attempting some speculation he was reduced to the ranks, and becoming dissatisfied left and went to Mexico.

There, in the year 1867, he heard that his wife was dead. But he remained in Mexico until the present year. Then he resolved to return to Kentucky. He arrived in his native country, and while tracing up a land claim found it necessary to write to his wife's relatives in the Lone Star State.

This correspondence had a surprise in store for him. His wife was found to be living. She had waited 12 years and then had taken another husband.

The doctor was single, and, rejoiced to hear that his wife still lived, he wrote to ask if she had lost her love for him. She replied that she still loved him, and that if he said the word she would give the second husband his walking papers.

The doctor was willing, and true to her word the woman told husband No. 2 that he must go.

He acted on her advice, and last week Richardson went to Texas and "was reunited to the wife of his youth" after a separation covering a period of 32 years.

Queer things happen sometimes in this very queer world.—Atlanta Constitution.

How the English Court Mourned.

A supplement to the London Gazette, issued Sept. 11, contained the following: "Lord Chamberlain's Office.—Orders for the court going into mourning this day for his late royal highness the Comte de Paris, cousin to his majesty, the queen—namely, the ladies to wear black dresses, white gloves, black or white shoes, feathers and fans, pearls, diamonds or plain gold or silver ornaments. The gentlemen to wear black court dress, with black swords and buckles, the court to change the mourning on Tuesday, the 18th inst. The ladies to wear black dresses with colored ribbons, flowers, feathers or ornaments or gray or white dresses, with black ribbons, flowers, feathers and ornaments. The gentlemen to continue the same mourning, and on Friday, the 21st, the court to go out of mourning."

The Prince and His Tailors.

I have seen the Prince of Wales several times, but I could detect very little difference between his attire and that of a well dressed New Yorker except that his garments did not fit as well. His coats are not as well as formerly. The fact is that the prince is getting very stout, more and more like Henry VIII every day, and English tailors seem to have talent to fit only tall, lank, sinewy guardsmen. Short, stout persons cannot wear very loose, easy fitting clothes.—Vogue.

Crased by the Races.

The Rev. F. A. Miller, pastor of the Methodist church at Farley, recently drove over to Cascade to witness the races there. He became so excited that his mind gave way, and he was taken to the residence of Richard Baker, where he is at present. He has a fancy for fast horses and owns several.—Dunbar (La.) Dispatch.

The Letter Was Loaded.

A Huntington (Ind.) postoffice clerk stamped a letter the other day which contained an explosive. The thing went off and nearly killed him.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## SOMETHING IN HIS NECK.

It Was Two Inches of Steel From a Circular Saw, and He Didn't Know It.

On Monday, Aug. 27 last, one of the inserted tooth edger saws at the D. R. Wingate Lumber company's mill got into a bad way, and during the early morning of that day cast several of the half circle springs that hold the teeth in. The men about the edger were on the watch and kept to one side. William Litchfield, head edger at that machine, had just walked up, and while talking of the ugly behavior of that particular saw was knocked down by a lick on his throat just under the angle of the right jawbone, beneath his ear. The gash was not more than half an inch in circumference. The wound bled freely for a few minutes, but by the time he walked 400 yards to the drug store it had ceased to bleed. The cut was a smooth one, and as there was not the least sign of the presence of any foreign substance beneath the skin the patient was dismissed with a simple lotion with which to bathe the wound occasionally.

A few days ago a lump appeared on the skin two inches below the point first injured, and the attending physician lanced it. This seemed to relieve him, but last Saturday he began to realize that there was a hard substance just under the skin immediately over his windpipe, and today he came to Drs. Hedra and Hewson and told them there was something in his neck. They made an incision and found a piece of metal, but being uncertain as to its shape they stopped to ask the patient to describe it. Litchfield told the doctors he could not give them an accurate description, but to just stop the bleeding a minute, and he would go to the mill and get one for them. This was done, and he marched off to the mill, nearly a quarter of a mile, and returned in 20 minutes with a half circle of steel half an inch wide and two inches from point to point, three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness and weighing fully an ounce. The doctors began feeling for the lost spring and finally mapped it out, cut in and brought forth a duplicate to the piece that Litchfield held in his hand.

As soon as the operation was performed and the incision dressed the patient went home and got his dinner, but he was in town this afternoon, looking better and more cheerful than he had at any time since the piece of steel forced its way into his neck.—Orange (Tex.) Cor. Galveston News.

## THE DOCTORS PUZZLED.

A New and Troublesome Disease Has Made Its Appearance in London.

The medical profession in London is again puzzled by the peculiar new disease which has broken out at intervals during several months past, principally among the inmates of the London workhouses. For want of a better name they call it Jermatitiss exfoliativa. The mortality, at first more than 50 per cent, is now comparatively low.

The first symptoms are inflammation of the skin, great irritation following this. The skin peels off in large patches. In some cases there are hemorrhages under the skin. In others large blisters are formed. The origin of the disease is a mystery. The patient usually becomes extremely weak and emaciated. The duration of the illness is variable. It frequently continues several weeks.

The best authorities think it is contagious, but up to the present, in spite of the fact that the bacillus has been differentiated and microscopically examined, so little is known of the nature of the disorder that the medical profession confess themselves completely puzzled. The disease is distinctly a new one.

How Emin Pasha Was Murdered.

Dorsey Mohun, the American consular agent, recently arrived in London from the Congo, tells the story of the murder of Emin Pasha as learned by him in an interview with one of the murderers before the latter's execution. Emin had addressed a request to Kingi-bongo, the sultan of Kirundu, for permission to pass through his territory. The request was granted, but the sultan secret orders to Said, one of his vassals, to assassinate the explorer. Said's emissaries found Emin in his tent and notified him that they had orders to kill him. He warned them that his death would be heedlessly avenged by his white brothers. Headless of his protestations, the four murderers laid violent hands upon him. One held his head, another his arms, a third his feet, while the fourth dealt the mortal blow. Emin's men, dispersed in the surrounding fields, were unaware of the murder.

Two Little Moons of Mars.

The two moons of Mars, Deimos and Phobos, were observed at the observatory at Flagstaff on Sept. 10. Deimos, the outer one, is the smaller, being, it is estimated, about six miles in diameter, while its companion is slightly larger, some seven miles in diameter, the entire surface of either of them being not more than the area of some great farms in the far west.

The possibility of seeing such small objects so great a distance is a triumph of modern optics, they being observed at a distance of more than 40,000 miles. A home comparison would be the seeing of a two inch ball at a distance equal to that between Boston and New York.—Boston Transcript.

Suicide and Insurance.

For some time past there has been considerable discussion among the officers of European insurance companies respecting the marked increase in suicides, and the question has been raised whether the elimination from insurance policies of the clause dealing with that subject has not tended to encourage self destruction. The leading insurance companies have been collecting the opinions of the principal coroners. They are unanimous that the idea of benefiting their heirs never enters the minds of those who take a short and unnatural road to the undiscovered country.

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## TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

In Fitting Spectacle Bows to the Ears Both Must Be Considered.

Having selected a pair of frames with a nose piece of the right height and spread to bring the glasses into the proper position, and having had them fitted with glasses made in accordance with the oculist's prescription, the optician now proceeds to fit the completed spectacles to your head. You might put them right on and wear them off just as they are.

But, no; he reaches over and places the bows over your ears himself. Then he tries the spectacles gently, as they rest upon your nose, taking hold at the outer ends of the frame, where the bows hinge. Not just right. He takes them off again and smooths the bows out between the tips of his fingers and changes their shape a little and tries them again. Better, but not just right yet. He takes them again and smooths out and bends in a little more. You observe as he bends them to you, as he does this time, that the bows have not only been changed somewhat in shape, but that now they vary in sweep and curve. You put them on and find that they fit perfectly and very comfortably. He touches them and finds them right and says so.

"But the bows are not alike," you say.

"No," says the optician, "but they are now made to fit. Your ears are not just alike. One of them is a little bigger than the other, and they are not placed exactly alike on the head."

"What?" you say, and he says: "Yes. There are very few of us that are perfect or just alike on both sides."—New York Sun.

## SMITH WAS IN LUCK.

Drew on the Sultan, and Thanks to the Rothschilds, Got \$10,000.

A large operator and speculator of St. Louis, whose account with one friendly bank had been often temporarily overdrawn, wanted \$10,000 once for a certain deal, his balance in bank at the time being less than \$100. The cashier suggested that he should draw upon some party not too near St. Louis. Smith said he did not know whom to draw upon. "Oh, any one," said the obliging cashier, "as long as the party is far enough away—that will give time to turn around." Smith drew at sight for \$10,000 on the sultan of Turkey.

The draft was duly forwarded by the bank, reaching New York, whence it was sent to a London correspondent. It then came into the hands of the Rothschilds, who forwarded it to their Constantinople branch, where it was duly presented for payment to the sultan's chamberlain, the latter bringing it to his highness. "Who is this John Smith?" said the sultan. "Don't know," replied the chamberlain. "Do we owe him anything?" "No," replied the other. "Then I'll not pay it," replied his highness. "One moment, if I might advise," said the astute counsel. "This draft comes through the Rothschilds, with whom we are seeking a \$2,000,000 loan. Would it be safe, under the circumstances, to dishonor it?" "Pay it," said the sultan, and it was paid, and no one was more astonished than John Smith of St. Louis and the quick witted cashier.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Jews in Samarkand.

One of my first visits was to the Jewish rabbi. I was pleased to hear from him that his coreligionists in Samarkand are not under the same objectionable sumptuary laws as in Bokhara. In Russian Turkestan the Jew enjoys almost equal privileges with the Tartar. For instance, a Tartar may open a shop in the Russian part of Samarkand, but a Jew may not. Over a pleasant meal of pistachio nuts, raisins, bread and salt fish the rabbi told me much about the Jews of central Asia.

They are Sephardim, it appears, not Ashkenazim, as in Russia and Poland. The rabbi and all his people in Samarkand are of the tribe of Judah. When I ventured to speak to him of the hypothesis advanced by some misguided people, that the Jews of central Asia were remnants of the 10 lost tribes, he scouted the idea. "We all know," he said, "that we are of the tribe of Judah."—Good Words.

## Danger at Sea.

A skipper had taken on a green farmer lad just before sailing. The rural youth had seen no shipping, nor yet had his eyes beheld ships, save only the one upon which he found himself embarked. He was, however, familiar with the village life near his own home, and of all life near his own home, and of all the shops that which most delighted him was the one in the window of which were shown jars of colored liquid, and the interior of which contained a manglelike soda fountain. The first night on the land, being off duty, was going over the bow out into the darkness when he saw near at hand two gleaming, luminous globes of color, one green, the other red. Rushing back to the skipper, he called out excitedly: "Say, cap'n, yer better turn the ship around. We're gettin' durned near a drug store."—New York Recorder.

## Mechanical Progress.

In the year 1883, when the first contract was signed for the increase of the United States navy, there was not a single mill in the country that had ever made plates required in the specifications. There was no foundry suitable to turn out the work, no forges for the same and no plant that could make the armor plates. Since that time there have been brought forward shops and yards that can produce in any quantity and of the highest quality any work in steel, brass or iron that the new navy demands.—Hardware.

## Frozen Oranges.

When oranges have been frozen, they can be thawed without injury by putting them in cold water or tight barrels immediately after arrival and allowing them to thaw out gradually.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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